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COVER: The world's oceans face a growing threat from man-made pollution 44

Across the globe, the seas have been sending urgent signals that they are perilously close to their capacity to absorb civilization's wastes. The most visible damage has been to coastal zones, where fouled waters and littered beaches are costing the fishing and resort industries billions of dollars. The loss in quality of life for everyone is incalculable. See ENVIRONMENT.



NATION: Democrats revel in their unity as Dukakis finally shows he can inspire 14

Atlanta becomes a display of unprecedented harmony as the nominee and Jesse Jackson find common ground. How the concordat of cooperation was hammered out. ► Moments of high comedy at the convention, from TelePrompTer snafus to VIPs locked out of the Omni. ► Former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger critiques Dukakis' foreign policy.



WORLD: Iran's acceptance of a cease-fire could signal an end to the bloody gulf war 26

With the Islamic Republic's troops stunned by a string of battlefield defeats, the frail Ayatollah Khomeini grudgingly submits to "God's will." ► Would peace between Iran and Iraq send oil prices skyward once again? ► *Contra* hard-liners threaten new battles in Nicaragua. ► An album of stark photographs from Ethiopia's rebellious and famine-plagued province of Eritrea.



23 Essay

Sure, the Democrats are hypocrites about the word liberal. But so are the voters, who learned their hypocrisy from the G.O.P.

55 Video

A made-for-TV convention, short on substance, prompts questions about whether the networks' saturation coverage is justified.

38 Economy & Business

Minor-league owners score grand-slam returns. ► Pressure for a minimum-wage hike. ► Japan's growing investment in Australia.

62 Technology

Using computer graphics and controls, the newest simulators recreate reality—or sci-fi fantasy—with gut-wrenching accuracy.

52 Art

Georges Braque, master of cubism and collage, may be the century's most neglected great painter. A new exhibition fills in a few gaps.

70 Law

In an effort to keep injuries from falling asleep, lawyers are taking acting lessons to punch up their courtroom performances.

53 Cinema

Big Top Pee-wee is a bright, peppy circus comedy in which America's child of all ages loses his virginity. Pretty cool, huh?

72 Design

Skywalks, those enclosed bridges linking downtown buildings, provide warmth in cold weather; they also cast a chill on urban life.

4 Letters
9 American Scene
58 Music
61 Press
61 Milestones
65 Books
74 People

Cover:
Illustration by
Don Ivan Punchatz

A Letter from the Publisher

Our articles are a bit like letters to the world, and sometimes the world writes back. A year ago, TIME published excerpts from the best-selling book *Life and Death in Shanghai*, the gripping account of Author Nien Cheng's ordeal during the Chinese Cultural Revolution. When Cheng, who now lives in Washington, opened her mailbox a few weeks ago, she found a package of some 50 letters from sixth-graders in Alberta, Canada, who were deeply moved by her story. They wrote after Teacher Loretta Hofmann used TIME's excerpts last semester in a history course on China at Airdrie Elementary School near Calgary.

On learning about the ransacking of Cheng's home, her confinement to a tiny cell for 6½ years and the murder of her daughter, Blake Hardy wrote, "I think that was horrible what they did to you, and for no reason at all! I feel that you are a very brave and courageous lady." Warren Driessen was blunt: "Sometimes I bet you would like to punch all those people." The children were struck by Cheng's assertion "I would rather die than tell a lie" and her refusal to confess to trumped-up charges.

The students wondered how she withstood such treatment. "I don't know why you just didn't confess and get out of there," wrote Damian Banick. "But I admire your courage." Declared



Cheng with mail from sixth-grade students

Nickie Borley: "I would have died if they put me through that kind of pain." Said Jacquie Hollingsworth: "I'm not sure that I would have stood up for what I believed in, like you did, but then again, I'm not half as brave as you are." Nearly all had questions: "Do you have nightmares?" "Do you still have scars from the handcuffs and the kicking?" "Did you ever get a proper apology?"

Cheng, 73, plans to tell Mrs. Hofmann's class that "self-discipline is everything for one's character." Finding time to answer all the letters—along with the hundreds of others she has received—may take some doing. And more may be on the way. Soon after the packet arrived from Canada,

Cheng received a telephone call from Joan Audrish, a teacher in Factoryville, Pa.; she plans to use the TIME excerpts to teach her ninth- and tenth-graders about the Cultural Revolution. As for Cheng, she is doing some studying herself, boning up on U.S. history in preparation for becoming an American citizen. Says she: "I haven't been so happy since 1966," the year her old life was shattered by the Cultural Revolution.

Robert L. Miller



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ABOVE AND BEYONDSM

Letters

Latin Gifts

To the Editors:

Congratulations on the excellent report on Hispanic-American culture [SPECIAL ISSUE, July 11]. For those of us who are multicultural (I was born in Nogales, Ariz., to a Mexican-born mother and a Guatemalan-born father), it was a chance to see ourselves in a larger framework.

Corinne Holm Milton
Tucson

I have been enduring the gibes of family and friends as I waxed enthusiastic about Actor Edward James Olmos: "Oh, yeah, isn't he the ugly one on *Miami Vice*?" Now I can answer, "No, he's the magnificent one on the cover of *TIME*!"

Mary W. Cox
North Miami

As a Spanish-speaking American, I have often heard Spanglish spoken. Both English and Spanish are beautiful tongues, but each is marred when it is mixed with the other or spoken incorrectly. Calling Spanglish a language is like saying the slang known as jive is a language. I think speaking two languages properly is much better than using 1½.

Theresa Flores
Houston



I am a third-generation Puerto Rican American married to a third-generation German American. In his Essay, Richard Rodriguez states that we Hispanics have long "denied the value of assimilation" and have "withheld our Latin American gift." I believe Hispanics have failed to recognize and accept the largesse offered by our adopted country. I am undeniably Puerto Rican. Nonetheless, I cannot empathize with the desire of so many Hispanics to cling to minority status and live within its boundaries in a plastic bubble,

allowing American society to view our behavior but preventing it from having any influence. Out of fear of losing our culture, we Hispanics have effectively stunted our own growth.

Victoria Lueck
Sylmar, Calif.

South Florida is a foreign territory to many of us in the U.S. With the increase in the Hispanic population, both legal and illegal, the U.S. may eventually be indistinguishable from a Latin American country. Hispanic Americans will then find themselves back in the environment they thought they had fled, perhaps complete with all its problems.

Steve Bridges
Falls Church, Va.

You are probably being besieged by reminders of the noteworthy Hispanic Americans you left out of your articles. The emphasis put on members of the performing arts is understandable, but for some time now groups less visible than actors and musicians have been blurring those cultural borders you allude to. Hispanic-American physicians, lawyers, engineers, bankers and other professionals have been making positive contributions to all of our lives.

Rod Lopez-Fabrega
Norwalk, Conn.

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Letters

Deadly Confrontation

The U.S. attack on Iran's civilian airliner is a consequence of American gunboat diplomacy in the Middle East [NATION, July 18]. President Reagan should be reminded of the strong rhetoric he used in criticizing the equally abominable action by the Soviet Union that caused the Korean Air Lines Flight 007 tragedy. In addition to costing the lives of hundreds of civilians, this "understandable accident" has dealt a serious blow to the moderates in Iran who had been hoping to reduce tension and hostility with the U.S.

*Abdullah Pooyan
Grand Forks, N. Dak.*

The Iranian airliner was shot down because the computerized radar system aboard the U.S. ship supposedly mistook the passenger plane for a fighter jet. If our most sophisticated state-of-the-art radar cannot distinguish between a civilian airliner and a much smaller military fighter jet, why are we spending all this money developing Star Wars technology?

*Nader Mehravari
Freehold, N.J.*

The image we have of ourselves—democratic, honorable, scrupulously fair—has been violated. We are right to be in the Persian Gulf. Still, our Navy is

responsible for the deaths of nearly 300 innocent people. We must apologize sincerely and make full reparations.

*Stanley Rudes
Boca Raton, Fla.*

Not Too Young

You reported that Patrick Kennedy, 20, is going to run "for the House of Representatives from Rhode Island's Ninth District" this fall [MILESTONES, July 11]. I assume this means that he wants to become a U.S. Congressman. However, the Constitution says a person must be at least 25 years old to hold this position.

*Dan Golodner
Washington*

Patrick Kennedy declared his intention to run for the Rhode Island state legislature, for which the minimum age is 18.

Hobo Hobby

Your article on recreational hobboing [AMERICAN SCENE, July 11] glamorizes a pastime that is both risky and illegal. Railroad property is not a playground. If the weekend hobbyists are hurt, they will be added to the already high number of deaths and injuries among trespassers.

*Thomas D. Simpson, Vice President
Railway Progress Institute
Alexandria, Va.*

Isn't it wonderful that these wealthy, educated people have the time to travel the country as hoboes and make a mockery of the national tragedy of the homeless? What will these thrill seekers think of next to amuse themselves? I wish they would take out their "secret credit card" and fly home to stay.

*Cynthia Custer
Patuxent River, Md.*

Unpublished Author

Your "Grapevine" item [NATION, July 11] reported that I took a \$13,000 advance for a book I never wrote. I did in fact do research for three months in 1977 and attempted to write a novel. However, in 1979, after a draft was written, a professional agent assessed my effort and suggested that it needed substantial revision. By that time, a novel on the same subject had appeared in print, and I did not attempt to rewrite my work, which was never published.

*Newt Gingrich, U.S. Representative
Sixth District, Georgia
Washington*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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Glasnost, perestroika, and garmoniia

Most Americans already know the Russian words for "openness" and "restructuring." Next month they will get to hear, literally, an example of Soviet and American *garmonia*, or harmony.

For on Friday, August 5, at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., the American-Soviet Youth Orchestra will begin a five-city concert tour of the U.S., to be followed by a similar tour in the Soviet Union.

The very existence of the orchestra represents a milestone in the relations between the superpowers; the agreement for the two-nation concert tour was the only cultural exchange announced at last May's Moscow summit meeting. The orchestra itself consists of 58 American and 52 Soviet musicians, all between the ages of 17 and 23. In this country, over 500 young instrumentalists from all parts of the nation competed in a series of auditions to participate in the musical experience of a lifetime.

The American tour is sponsored jointly by AFS Intercultural Programs, the international exchange organization, and by the Conservatory of Music at Oberlin College in Ohio, where the group has assembled and is rehearsing. Soviet sponsors are the U.S.S.R. Ministry of Culture and Gosconcert, with the artistic component of the Soviet tour directed by the Moscow Conservatory of Music.

For the orchestra's debut at the Kennedy Center, Zubin Mehta, music director of the New York Philharmonic, will conduct. Larry Rachleff, Oberlin conductor and music director, and Leonid Nikolayev of the Moscow Conservatory of Music, will conduct various concerts during the rest of the tour.

Between the opening concert and August 14, the Youth Orchestra will appear in New York City (with Dmitri Kitayenko, music director of the Moscow Philharmonic, as guest conductor), Milwaukee, San Francisco, and Trenton, N.J. The Soviet leg of the tour will include two concerts in Moscow, and others in Leningrad, Riga, and Tallinn.

The repertoire will include works by American and Russian composers, among them Copland, Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, Ives, and Shostakovich. In addition, two works were especially commissioned for the orchestra. Soviet composer Edison Denisov has written a symphonic piece which will have its world premiere at the New York concert, and Libby Larsen, a young American, has produced an overture for the Washington opening.

The Oberlin College Conservatory of Music and AFS Intercultural Programs are logical sponsors for this pioneering effort to construct an orchestra from scratch. Just as Oberlin brings its musical talents to bear in helping the new orchestra bloom, AFS—which Mobil has long supported—draws on its long record of arranging cultural exchanges as a way to foster international understanding.

As for the rest of us, our role is simple. We can sit back, listen, and enjoy.

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TIME, AUGUST 1, 1981

American Scene

In New York: A Doctorate in Desserts

Throughout most of a sleek new office park in Elmsford, N.Y., just half an hour's drive north of New York City, a visitor imagines that harried M.B.A.s sit at their terminals poring over electronic spreadsheets. But at 525 Executive Boulevard, a more exciting menu is on call. Instead of crunching numbers, a group of men and women crunch on praline, and instead of computer screens, they stare into oven windows. A thin figure in a tall

published a cookbook, in the rarefied world of professional chefs Kumin is regarded as a viscount of chocolate, a prince of pastry. He is the creator of the dessert menu at Manhattan's Four Seasons and a former White House pastry chef.

The Pastry Arts Center, which charges students \$700 a weeklong course, is an arm of Country Epicure, a thriving dessert company whose bakery

touch of a finger, he can tell the temperature of chocolate to within 2°. Although his English is pretty good, Kumin might not understand the concept of the temperamental chef. He is usually as sweet as milk chocolate, yet no pushover like the Pillsbury doughboy. He stops on his rounds to correct a technique with gentle humor, nod his approval of a creamy filling and assess a student's attitude. Things have changed since Kumin's European apprenticeship began some 50 years ago. "In the old system," he says, "they made you get out of bed at 2 in the morning and go back to the kitchen if you had done something wrong. Now there's a regulated school system."

Kumin's fascination with sugar and chocolate began early. Growing up in Switzerland, he tarried before the windows of bakery shops on the way to school. After a thorough indoctrination in exacting Swiss hotel kitchens, Kumin arrived in North America in 1948. He became pastry chef at Montreal's Ritz-Carlton. In 1958 he was hired by Restaurant Associates, the Manhattan-based concern that operated the Four Seasons and the Forum of the Twelve Caesars.

Among his most memorable creations is modeling chocolate, which he perfected while working at the Four Seasons. It is a blend of semisweet chocolate, corn syrup and water that solidifies in any shape it has been sculptured into. The stuff tastes like a Tootsie Roll, but its durability was the key to Kumin's perfection of flourless cakes. He constructs artful boxes of modeling chocolate and fills them with rich puddings or mousses.

In 1979 Kumin became pastry chef at the Carter White House. "Politics? Who cares?" says Kumin with a shrug. "It was really a very good restaurant kitchen." He does remember, with just a pinch of vanity, that Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin doted on his praline mousse during talks with the President at Camp David. In 1980 Kumin came to Country Epicure, where four years ago he helped open the school. Kumin feels the position has all the right ingredients. "I cannot take my knowledge along," he says. "So I want to leave what I know."

The students have a variety of reasons for playing around with chocolate for a week. Even though she studied at the French Culinary Institute in New York City, Pastry Chef Beth Hirsch, 32, came to Elmsford, she says, because "I've always worked in chocolate, but I needed more skills." Neal Pelcher, 29, a baker for a New Jersey supermarket chain, wants to open his own pastry shop and needs to learn classic methods. "If I can make it



Concentration in chocolate: Master Chef Kumin crafts a rose for students at the Pastry Center

toque waves a blade. "All the time be rocking the knife," he says with a Germanic accent to an intent group of on-lookers. "Never slice almonds. Rock, rock."

If one believes the popular media and listens to one's friends—not to mention one's physician—Americans are shunning artery-clogging desserts and nibbling lighter foods. But on Executive Boulevard, that perception is a few degrees and a few thousand calories low of the mark. Here the recipe for success is decidedly heavyweight: 140 lbs. of chocolate, 100 lbs. of milk, a bottle of kirsch, eight cooks and one world-famous pastry chef. Stir for a week and *voilà*: doctorates in desserts from the International Pastry Arts Center.

From all over the U.S., restaurant and hotel dessert chefs and pastry-shop bakers come to this unusual little school to refine their confectionary skills. The curriculum includes seminars devoted to such succulent topics as breads and doughs, sugar, cake decorating and, during this week, the complex and artful world of chocolate. The presiding guru is Herr Doktor Albert Kumin, 76, the Swiss dessert genius. Although he has never

in Elmsford turns out a tasty upscale line of frozen cakes, pies, tarts and tortes for the restaurant and hotel trade.

In the large restaurant-style kitchen, just a few doors down the hall from Country Epicure's executive offices, the overpowering perfume of chocolate pervades the atmosphere. A pot of liquid bittersweet chocolate is ready for dipping, coating and adding to recipes. Just inhaling deeply could add something to your waistline. Eight students, most of them youthful, are busy improving their skills at a variety of arcane techniques, such as hand-dipping candy, mastering the vagaries of white chocolate and constructing elaborate chocolate figures, including rabbits, pyramids and even shoes, for buffetable centerpieces. All have been drawn to Elmsford by the same thing. Says Liz Vigiano, 32, who dropped out of a graduate physiology program at the University of Florida to become a pastry chef: "I came here because of Albert's reputation."

Kumin moves with greyhound grace through the quiet kitchen. Despite a lifetime of working with high-calorie fare, he remains admirably thin. One reason: he rarely stops for lunch. In Kumin's world of mixtures, textures and boiling points, hands are sensitive instruments. With the



How I spent my weekend in space!

By Ryan Edwards

When Amy and I saw the movie "Space Camp," Mom and Dad said we could go to The Space and Rocket Center in Alabama where the real Space Camp is.

Boy, this place is great! I saw astronaut Wally Schirra's Mercury spacecraft and the Apollo command module that went to the Moon. A real moon rock. And stepped on a scale that showed I'd weigh 16 pounds if I walked on the Moon.

We went into this hanger-like room as big as the museum. It's the actual U.S. Space Camp. Kids in blue flightsuits were inside shuttle mockups doing "missions," with other kids

operating mission control. They looked like they were having fun. (You have to be at least in the fourth grade to go. Mom registered me for next year. Wow!)

We went into this room that spins and makes your arms and legs heavy. Dad called it a centrifuge. It was awesome. Astronauts trained in one like it. I got to jump way up in the air on the Spacewalk. I was almost as far up as the rockets.



The Space Camp building is new!



I took a spacewalk!





USA



We crawled inside the first space station called Skylab where astronauts trained. And rode the NASA bus to see the Space Station being designed that Congress is talking about.

They have this real big theater called The SpaceDome. The screen is all around you and overhead. In "The Dream Is Alive", the astronauts float in space right in front of you. I liked this almost as much as seeing kids do neat stuff in Space Camp.

Amy got to use a robot arm and fire a rocket engine and ride in the gyro chair. I ate "astronaut ice cream." It tasted pretty good, but it wasn't cold.

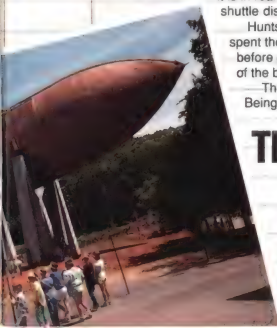
Finally, we got to what I had been waiting for all day, the full-size model of the Space Shuttle. It was built by NASA for some development tests. You would not believe how big it is in real life. Mom says it's the only permanent shuttle display on Earth.

Huntsville is pretty close where we live. We spent the night at a beautiful Marriott next door before going home. Our room had a great view of the big shuttle in the air.

Thanks, Mom and Dad, for taking me. Being in space for a weekend was a real trip!



They let kids do neat stuff!



The Space & Rocket Center

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

The Space & Rocket Center is 15 minutes east of Interstate 65 on Highway 20. Open seven days a week until 7 p.m. For more information, call 1-800-63-SPACE. (In Alabama, 205-837-3400.)





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American Scene

this way," he says. "I can do anything."

In midafternoon, Kumin calls the class together for a demonstration. The table before him looks more like one found in an art class than a restaurant. To make a chocolate figure of a geisha for the top of a cake, Kumin begins with an egg-shaped chunk of chocolate for the torso, then adds arms and legs and makes a dress from a sheet of modeling chocolate.

"Men and women both make the same mistake when making a lady," Kumin says with an embarrassed smile. "They put her breasts up under her chin. Remember, the breasts go halfway between shoulders and waist."

Kumin sculpts chocolate roses with the same passionate care that he bestows on his real garden in nearby Brewster. First



Viggiano carves a postmodern chocolate box

he rolls a cone of solid chocolate. Then, with a few deft moves of what looks like an artist's palette knife, he shapes petals from modeling chocolate. His large fingers gently wrap the leaves around the cone and suddenly a perfect rendition of a rosebud glistens in chocolate. As the students move to their own tables to practice, Kumin takes a short break for a cigarette in his tiny office. "Teaching is wonderful," he says, "but soon I need a rest. Not to retire, but to experiment. I can't get new ideas out of my armpits."

While the students roll chocolate heads and flatten rose petals, one might still ask why, when the trendiest folks seem intent on gobbling up the world's broccoli production and depleting the oceans of red fish, does mastery of chocolate remain so important? Says Hirsch: "You can read people a list of a dozen unique desserts in a restaurant and they'll say, 'What was that chocolate thing you said?' I'll have that." I don't know why, but Saturday night in America is chocolate night. Kumin and his growing legion of graduates seem intent on spreading the sweetness across the whole calendar.

—By J.D. Reed

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TIME/AUGUST 1, 1988



The Duke Of Unity

When the pressure was on to prove he could excite as well as manage his party, Dukakis found strength in a new theme: community



His gaze is usually impetuous and impatient, but on this night his brown eyes glistened with moisture. His smile is generally a measured half-moon, but on this night his mouth widened into a toothy grin. From the moment he ascended the multi-tiered podium in Atlanta, before he uttered a single syllable, the Democratic nominee seemed a man transformed. Punching the air in triumph, blowing kisses to his wife: these were not the metronomic gestures of a soulless technocrat. Could that be Michael Dukakis, the unflappable exponent of cool reason, choking on his words? Yes,

there was a catch in his throat as he said softly that tonight his dead father Panos "would be very proud of his son."

The first three days of the Democratic Convention had been devoted to the quest for party harmony and the celebration of its attainment. Dukakis had been the adroit negotiator who had framed an unprecedented covenant of cooperation with Jesse Jackson. From his suite atop the Hyatt Regency, the Governor had proved in a way that was far more tangible than his staid talk about a Massachusetts miracle that he could handle tough problems and people. His prize was a choreographed convention, free of the furies that

once plagued the party's psyche, but so denatured of passion that it could have passed for a Republican production.

But if it was Dukakis who controlled the convention's machinery, it was Jackson who held its heart. There was a mood of almost religious rapture in the Omni Tuesday night as the preacher restated the riffs and rhapsodies that had carried him to within sight of the mountaintop. His praise for the Massachusetts Governor and his crowning metaphor of "common ground" was all that Dukakis could have hoped. But in ceding the spotlight, Dukakis became almost a spectator at his own coronation—an image that he under-

THE DEMOCRATS



EXULTING IN HARMONY, DEMOCRATS REVELED IN FLAG-WAVING HIGH SPIRITS

lined when he said that watching his own nomination on television was a "little bit like a play."

Successful drama demands a strong final act, an inspirational address that seemed beyond Dukakis' rhetoric range. Could the no-nonsense nominee reach within himself to discover the language of leadership? Could he go beyond the pedestrian promises of "good jobs at good wages" to give voice to a new Democratic vision? Having achieved unity, could he now explain what its purpose was?

In a speech that had a lilt and a majesty unlike any other he had given in his 16-month quest, Dukakis found the answer.

"It is the idea of community," he said. "It is the idea that we are in this together; that regardless of who we are or where we come from or how much money we have—each of us counts." Using the image of community as a contrast to the "cramped ideals" of the Reagan years, he challenged his listeners "to forge a new era of greatness for America."

Political metaphors are never completely new; like movie scripts, they recycle the heritage of the past. Dukakis traced the concept of mutual obligation back to the first Massachusetts Governor, John Winthrop, the 17th century embodiment of the Puritan ideal. He could have

equally credited Governor Mario Cuomo, who offered the Democrats in 1984 the abiding myth of the nation as an entwined "family." Or he could have traced it back to the Greek notion of polis, those ancient city-states whose sense of community became the wellspring of modern politics. But whatever its roots, "community" is an ideal that could reinvigorate the flagging liberal spirit and provide the Democrats with a pointed philosophic challenge to Reagan-era retrenchment. And for a few moments last week, it provided a way for Michael Dukakis to express the values and emotions that buttress his commitment to competence. —By Walter Shapiro



"A man whose very candidacy has said to every child, aim high; to every citizen, you count; to every voter, you can make a difference; to every American, you are a full shareholder in our dream."

—DUKAKIS ON JACKSON



Reaching Common Ground

How Dukakis managed to assert that two's a ticket and three's a crowd



It was, in a curious way, more like a cathartic lovers' spat than a critical negotiation between two political heavyweights. Platform planks,

staff integration and legislative positions were among the issues on the table. But emotional matters were at the heart of the three-hour meeting that Michael Dukakis had with Jesse Jackson in Atlanta on Monday just before the 40th Democratic National Convention was gavelled into session. The talk was mainly of hurt feelings and misunderstood gestures, sensitivity and communication. In the jargon of modern romance, Dukakis and Jackson were trying to make their relationship work.

In the end, the summit with Jackson, like everything else during the convention, clicked perfectly for Dukakis. Afterward, he and Jackson posed with the designated vice-presidential nominee, Lloyd Bentsen of Texas. The Three Amigos were happy smiles that belied the quirky nature of the tableau they presented, somehow the nominating convention was giving birth to a trio of party leaders rather than the usual ticket of two. For the moment, Jackson stood ready to submerge his agenda for that of the party. But the three's-a-crowd awkwardness revealed fissures along racial and ideologi-

cal lines that could someday threaten the foundations of the Democratic Party.

For all its strained quality, the joint appearance kicked off the convention with a welcome display of solidarity and a concrete example of Dukakis' managerial ability. More than anything he has said during the 64 weeks since he announced his candidacy, the skill that Dukakis showed in healing the rift with Jackson indicated what type of President he might be: tough yet pragmatic, cool yet involved, a negotiator more than a crusader. Without making any painful concessions, Dukakis had won his rival's support. Jackson, meanwhile, finally got from Dukakis and the rest of the Democratic leadership what he had struggled all his political life to earn: respect.

Invoking "unity" like a mantra, the Democrats rallied around their standard-bearer. Dukakis and his team managed to keep the party's myriad special-interest groups content, yet not too well fed. As a media spectacle, the convention's only failing was so unusual for Democrats that they reveled in it: the floor show was rather dull and undramatic. The high points were the rousing speeches: Keynoteur Ann Richards of Texas ridiculing George Bush for going after a "job he can't get appointed to"; Ted Kennedy cataloging the sins

of the Reagan years; Jackson's resounding evocation of the personal and historical rationale for his quest. On a closing night that was supposed to be anticlimactic, the nominee delivered the speech of his career. With his artful orchestration of people and events, Dukakis emerged looking like the sort of nominee the Democrats haven't seen in a long time: a strong leader.

While Dukakis has proved he can balance state budgets and create efficient government programs, his ability to handle people has always been questionable. So the stakes in solving the Jackson problem were high. If Dukakis failed to make peace, he risked losing many of the nearly 7 million votes Jackson won in the primaries. But if he appeared to pander, he might alienate the conservative Democrats who abandoned the party to vote for Ronald Reagan. From the outset of his campaign, Dukakis has wanted desperately to bring those defectors, primarily blue-collar white males, back into the Democratic fold.

"He won't talk to me," Jackson complained to an associate after trying to set up a meeting with Dukakis before the convention. "He just won't talk to me alone." In the weeks after the New York primary



THE DEMOCRATS



"He always resisted the temptation to stoop to demagoguery. I have watched a good mind fast at work with steel nerves, guiding his campaign out of the crowded field without appeal to the worst in us."

—JACKSON ON DUKAKIS

winnowed the Democratic field to two competitors, Dukakis and Jackson held less than half a dozen cordial but perfunctory conferences, most with staff members present. "What does this say about the man?" Jackson asked. Those close to Dukakis knew the answer. The Governor feared that after a one-on-one meeting, Jackson would distort his words. Thus he had decided to deal with his rival almost exclusively through intermediaries.

Dukakis' first attempt at friendliness toward Jackson was a debacle. Jackson and his wife were invited to a Fourth of July dinner at the Dukakis home. After some innocuous dinner-table chitchat, Michael and Kitty and Jesse and Jacqueline retired to a separate room for what Jackson hoped would be a more substantive conversation. Fifteen minutes later, the Dukakis daughters returned to suggest dessert. Then the two couples were off to see fireworks. Once the show was over, Dukakis said he was sleepy and asked Jackson to call him the next morning. Jackson left Boston furious. "He felt he had been treated like a nigger," said a close friend.

Jackson's bitterness became public after the Dukakis camp botched notifying him of the selection of Bentsen more than two weeks ago. Conjuring images of life on a plantation, Jackson complained that he was being exploited as a "vote picker," expected to deliver his share of the electorate to the "big house." But Jackson was careful to leaven his anger with calls for a summit meeting to patch things up. Dukakis continued to resist a one-on-one. "Every team has to have a quarterback," said the Governor. "You can't have two."

On the Friday night before the convention began, a dozen of Jackson's top

advisers gathered for a strategy session. One aide suggested that Jackson hold off dealing with Dukakis until after Atlanta. He argued that Dukakis would be much more agreeable to Jackson's demands as Election Day drew closer, particularly if the race were tight. Rejecting that counsel, Jackson chose to negotiate immediately, for the sake of party unity. But as one aide noted, "With Jesse, it's never 'either-or'; it's always 'and.'"

In Atlanta on Saturday, Jackson's convention manager Ron Brown contacted Dukakis' campaign chairman Paul Brountas. Over the next 24 hours, the two men, joined by Dukakis' campaign man-

ager Susan Estrich and a handful of other aides from both teams, hammered out the details of an agreement involving staff and platform issues and Jackson's role in the fall campaign. By Sunday afternoon there was nothing left for the deputies to do but wait for the bosses to get in touch.

When Dukakis arrived in Atlanta on Sunday, Brountas urged him to schedule a meeting. Jackson, he said, was eager to settle. Dukakis was still unconvinced. He wanted to phone Jackson to gauge his sincerity for himself. Around midnight Sunday, by prearrangement, Dukakis reached Jackson backstage at the Fox Theater, where a gospel-music tribute to the candidate was being held. Jackson passed Dukakis' credibility test, and the Governor invited him to breakfast Monday morning in his Hyatt Regency suite. He still refrained from seeing Jackson one-on-one; Brountas and Jackson Aide Brown would join them.

"This time they connected," says a Dukakis aide of the Monday meeting. "They spoke frankly and candidly." Over fruit, cereal and coffee, Dukakis and Jackson discussed their shaky relationship. While Dukakis kept bringing the discussion back to party unity, Jackson seemed to want to probe the Governor's soul, to try to find out what makes Mike run.

"They talked about things that had transpired during the campaign, some of the things that had irritated the other," one adviser revealed. "There was some concern about some of the things that each had said." Dukakis griped about Jackson's "big house" remark. Jackson took Dukakis to task about his "quarterback" dig. They discussed the miserable Independence Day dinner, the bun-



BENTSEN: OFTEN OVERSHADOWED



THE DEMOCRATS



RICHARDS: SOUNDING A WITTY KEYNOTE



THE DREAM DIED HARD FOR JACKSON BACKERS

gled call about Bentsen, the generally poor communications between the camps. "They got it out on the table and they cleared the air," said an aide. Added another principal: "The interaction was very open and honest."

The cornerstone of the agreement between Dukakis and Jackson was a promise to employ Jackson supporters in positions on the nominee's national campaign staff. Jackson would also receive a plane and the funding to travel around the country, campaigning for Dukakis and registering voters.

Once relations were reasonably

thawed, Dukakis invited Bentsen to the suite. The Texan added a note of realpolitik to all the candor in the room. "We're facing a tough election," said Bentsen. "It's going to take all of us to win. Any one of us can pull it all down, and all three of us will share the blame." Fifteen minutes later, the three men went out for their joint press appearance. Dukakis was careful to avoid any appearance of having caved in to Jackson. "There's no deal and there's no fine print," said the Governor. So how was the agreement between the two men sealed? "You don't put it in writing," Dukakis

said. "You understand it. You feel it."

Moments later, Jackson addressed more than 1,200 of his delegates. He urged the crowd to focus on winning the election. "Quite a lot is at stake," he said, "and our eyes must be on the prize." For the cadre of disciples who had been heeding his calls to "keep hope alive," there was an inevitable letdown. But they went along, trusting his judgment. "Jesse is my leader," said Bill Crawford, an Indianapolis delegate. "I'll be satisfied if Jesse is satisfied. I will work for the ticket, but not as hard as if Jesse was on the ticket." Mississippi Delegate Alvin Chambliss was somewhat less amenable. "I'm not saying that Dukakis needed to let Jesse run things," Chambliss said. "But I came here looking for some recognition of the role blacks have played in the party. Up to now, we haven't got a damn thing. A plane for Jesse to campaign for Dukakis. So what?"

When Jackson spoke before the convention the following night, the Dukakis camp did its best to ease any bitterness among his boosters. Some Dukakis delegates gave their credentials to Jackson alternates and friends so they could gain entry to the hall. Others moved to the back of their state's sections on the floor or waved red-and-white JESSE! signs. "Jesse Jackson got 35% of the [California] vote," said Susan Good, a Dukakis delegate from Fresno, who waved a sign for Jackson while balancing a deck of DUKAKIS signs between her feet. "We all have to give in to keep us together."

Jackson showed his appreciation with a spellbinding address. Early in his 50-minute speech, he saluted Dukakis: "His foreparents came to America on immigrant ships. My foreparents came to America on slave ships. But whatever the original ships, we are both in the same boat now." His speech culminated with a wrenching account of his impoverished childhood in South Carolina. Speaking directly to the poor and dispossessed watching him on TV, Jackson

What Jackson Got

In terms of impact on the fall election, Jackson's deal with Dukakis is a decidedly mixed bag: some major concessions, some quite minor. But nearly everything in the package is intended to strengthen Jackson's forces for the next round of his "endless campaign," in 1992 or 1996 or both. Details:

Party rules. The number of unelected super-delegates at the 1992 convention will be cut in half. This year those 645 delegates voted en masse against Jackson.

Party structure. Jackson selected New Orleans Mayor Sidney Barthelemy for the new position of party vice chairman for voter registration. Jesse Jackson Jr. was named as an at-large D.N.C. member; of the 20 new at-large members, twelve are from Jackson's camp (new at-large total: 45).



Looking ahead

Campaign staffing. Members of Jackson's organization will be integrated into Dukakis' staffs in all 50 states. Jackson will stump every day, sometimes with Dukakis, probably using funds and an airplane paid for by both the D.N.C. and the Dukakis campaign.

Policy. Jackson won commitments to emphasize District of Columbia statehood and quickie voter registration. No big deal; Dukakis had been in favor anyway.

That is not necessarily the final deal. Negotiations are continuing, and Jackson can be expected to keep pressing for more. As he put it, one-upping Yogi Berra: "It ain't over till it's over—and even then, it's not over."



THE DEMOCRATS



OLYMPIA DUKAKIS: BETTER THAN AN OSCAR?



HUGGING JACKIE JACKSON: A TOUCHING FINALE

made it plain why he has stayed so tenaciously in this election race. "When my name goes in nomination, your name goes in nomination," Jackson cried. "Wherever you are tonight, you can make it. Hold your head high. Stick your chest out. You can make it. It gets dark sometimes, but the morning comes. Keep hope alive!" Dukakis tried to reach Jackson by phone to congratulate him; Jackson, however, had clambered down the front of the gargantuan podium to exit through the throngs of delegates and camera crews.

After Jackson's electrifying turn, most Democrats were expecting Dukakis' acceptance speech to be a letdown. Even the nominee was self-effacing. At a Democratic fund raiser, he told his audience that he had given a draft of the speech to Kitty to read. Later, he said, he discovered his wife "fast asleep on the bed, and the speech was beside her, half read."

The first draft of Dukakis' speech was, in fact, a poor effort. Written by a close Dukakis adviser, Ira Jackson, the

address was deemed "irretrievable" by the Governor Dukakis' chief speechwriter, Bill Woodward, handed in a new version, but by last Saturday the candidate still had not found the time to focus on it. After hearing the liberal rhetoric of Jackson's address Tuesday night, party officials urged Dukakis to aim his words at Middle America. "Get Joe Six-Pack into this convention," one top Democrat said. "You've got to talk to him and include him." With a little help from J.F.K.'s famous wordsmith Ted Sorensen, Dukakis and Woodward were polishing the address into Thursday.

Reaching deep down for a resonance he has previously not shown, Dukakis delivered an inspired and touching address. He graciously returned Jackson's complimentary rhetoric, praising the civil rights leader as a "man who has lifted so many hearts with the dignity and the hope of his message." Dukakis had called Jackson that morning to tell him that he would include in his speech a special toast to the Jackson children. "Jackson's been tickled all day," an intimate friend related. After praising all five of the Jackson children in

his speech, Dukakis singled out Jackson's twelve-year-old daughter for a grace note: "Young Jacqueline Jackson goes to school in my state, and last month she visited with me at the statehouse in Boston. She's a remarkable young woman, and I know her parents are very, very proud of her." From a sea of blue Dukakis signs, the crowd roared: in a box high above, Jacqueline's dad beamed.

By Friday it was clear that the Dukakis-Bentsen-Jackson trinity had pulled off a show of unity that transcended what could have seemed imaginable just a week earlier. When Dukakis appeared at a gathering of Jackson delegates, Jackson introduced him as a "man I've come to know in great detail and love." The crowd began to chant enthusiastically: "Duke, Duke, Duke." The Governor told the audience, "We need you. We want you. We can't win without you." And with that business taken care of, he rejoined his official running mate, Bentsen, for a flight to Texas and the beginning of the general election campaign. —By Jacob V. Lumar,

Reported by Michael Duffy and Michael Riley/Atlanta

"Jesse Has No Equals"

After Jesse Jackson's speech, former President Jimmy Carter spoke with TIME's Stanley W. Cloud. Excerpts:

This is the first time that we've seen a potential showdown between a black leader and a white leader in the primary season. But I don't think there has ever been any division where attitudes toward racial questions are concerned. I think Dukakis is just as sensitive to them as I was, or other Democrats in the past were. . . . When Jesse Jackson asked me to intercede, I didn't think it was appropriate for me to act in any sort of public role, because that insinuates that Dukakis is actually

incapable of resolving differences. But I talked to Bentsen after that, and I talked to Dukakis representatives.

There have been many people in the country who have not accepted until now the proposition that blacks have a legitimate role within the councils of government. I think what

Jesse has done in his extraordinary campaign is to let moderate and even many conservative Democrats see that the issues that are important to Jesse's narrowly defined constituency also apply to them. To me, this may be not the final but at least the penultimate peak in the acceptance of blacks within the American political system. . . . Jackson's speech last night was the best ever given at a convention, certainly in my lifetime. I don't think he's equaled anywhere as an orator.



Carter: a historic moment



True-Life Tales from the Omni

Pamela takes it off, Tipper gets radical, and Mario claims the car



"I am not a member of any organized political party. I'm a Democrat."
—WILL ROGERS

Democratic Conventions usually mean funny hats and bitter spats. Typically, they are ornery, out-of-control encounter sessions populated by overweight, cigar-puffing pols and eccentrically dressed activists shouting indecipherable slogans. But this affair was so *organized* it was downright Republican. Pearls and silk dresses were as much in evi-



Delegates mind their numbers

dence as bizarre headgear. No cigar haze wafted to the ceiling: the party made this its first no-smoking convention. The aisles were crowded, but the speaker did not pound his gavel and yell for the marshals to clear them. The clusters around the states' computer

terminals resembled Wall Street trading pits. And the delegates were so *thin*. "It used to be," says Political Consultant Mandy Grunwald, "that the quintessential Democratic conventionner weighed about 250 lbs. Now everyone is slimmed down and aerobically fit. Big-spending Democrats are gone, and so are the big-eating ones."

The wrong words bring out the Wright stuff. Scandal-tarred House Speaker Jim Wright desperately wanted to make a speech in prime time. Democratic Party strategists, preferring that the oleaginous convention chairman be an invisible man, reluctantly agreed to relative darkness: ten minutes of non-prime-time oratory.

Wright was ready. But as soon as the twin TelePromp-Ters on the podium began to roll, he discovered that the ghostly text was not his prepared speech but that of Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, who was scheduled to follow him. Wright, a stump

speaker of the old school, improvised.

You keep knockin' but you can't come in. 8:35 p.m. Monday: Senator Al Gore, Wife Tipper and two daughters arrive at the gate of the Omni. The guard stops them: none of them have the proper credentials. Gore is irked. Tipper, sporting a button picturing Dukakis, Jackson and her husband, shouts,

"Power to the people!" Gore tells her to be quiet. She shouts it again. Gore deputizes someone to go inside to get the proper credentials. As they are waiting, Tipper says,

"Let's go dancing"—but presumably not to rock music with suggestive lyrics. The right credentials are obtained, and the Gores waltz in. Did the security guard not recognize the erstwhile presidential candidate? "I didn't look at his face," she replies.

While you were out... The convention bought the cover-up, but in fact it was Dukakis Campaign Manager Susan Estrich, not Dukakis First Friend

Paul Brontas, who caused the notorious phone-call-that-missed. When Lloyd Benisen was picked as the vice-presidential nominee, Brontas gave Estrich Jackson's tele-



The Gores patrol the floor

phone number and the responsibility for calling with the news before Jackson left his Cincinnati hotel room for the airport. Seems that it somehow slipped her mind. When Dukakis explained to reporters that his campaign manager had not given him the number,

Brontas realized Estrich would be wounded and decided to take the fall.



Wright raises the gavel

A ticket to ride, or honk if you love

The Best and Brightest, the Worst and Dimmest

NEW FACES. John Kennedy Jr. At last, a third-generation Kennedy who is easy to embrace. He had the grace to be nervous and the good sense to be brief. ... Jesse Jackson Jr., a natural speaker and compelling presence. When Jackson says, "I may not get there, but my children will," this is what he means. ... Sandra Perlmuter, the hot-pink sidekick to Madam Secretary Dorothy Bush, became the Vanna White of the Omni during Wednesday's roll call. She had trouble with some numbers, but no one seemed to notice.

FACE-LIFT. Edward Kennedy, finally looking 20 lbs. lighter and free of the burden of presidential speculation. His speech lacked the soaring "The dream shall never die" high of 1980, but his antiphal-

"Where was George?" may become the refrain of the Democratic campaign.

MOST SUCCESSFUL RESURRECTION. Jimmy Carter, although geography more than emotion drove Democrats to embrace him. The illusion of Carter was much better than the reality: his speech got less of a response than the mention of his name or his dancing the fox-trot with Rosalynn. Most frequently uttered line by former aides who claimed to have worked on the speech: "You should have seen the first draft."

BIGGEST SURPRISE. John Glenn, not known for his humor, slammed Reagan's top aides. Instead of serving four more years, said Glenn, some are looking at ten to 20.

BIGGEST BOMB. Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton will be remembered





THE DEMOCRATS



astronauts. At an Ohio delegation party, perennial Vice-Presidential Also-Ran John Glenn presented Lloyd Bentsen with a red-white-and-blue bumper sticker reading DUKAKIS GLENN. An overoptimistic Glenn supporter had ordered up 10,000, and the Ohio Senator was intent on unloading them. "Since I park next to you in the Senate garage," he informed Bentsen, "I'll expect to see it every day."



Going to the hoop-la.

Football metaphors were in the ascendant during the convention (Dukakis: "Every team has to have a quarterback. That's the nominee"), but rangy basketball players posted up and down the convention floor. Four former professional B-ball players were delegates. Maryland Congressman Tom McMillen (6 ft. 11 in.) played for the Washington Bullets. Walt Bellamy (6 ft. 11 in.), a Jackson delegate from Georgia, played center for the Atlanta Hawks, among others. Arizona Congressman Morris Udall (6 ft. 5 in.) played one year for the Denver Nuggets. New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley (6 ft. 5 in.), a former New York Knick, opened his convention speech with a quick 2 points: "This is the first time I've performed in the Omni in long pants."

Lowe is high on politics

Power has its pushy privileges. Mario Cuomo, who is even more imperious in public than in private, strode into the Hyatt Regency Hotel, where Dukakis and his staff were in residence. The lobby, ground zero for mover-and-shaker watching, was as jammed as a Bloomingdale's white sale, and the elevators were as slow as a Bill Clinton nominating speech. New York's Governor stood impatiently in a crowd waiting for an elevator. When the doors opened, loyal functionaries cleared a path and commanded the car—a singular act in this city of practiced charm and charming impracticality. An irked Southern woman remarked loudly as the Governor strode onto the



Fairchild and Kennedy hit it off

elevator. "Just like a New Yorker."

Not so fast, ma'am. Bespangled, bejeweled Pamela Harriman approached one of the security metal detectors outside the Omni. She confidently strode through the narrow archway. *Buzzzzz.* Off came

the tasteful gold necklace. Try again. *Buzzzz.* Off came the tasteful gold earrings. Try again. *Buzzzz.* Catcalls rose from the restless crowd of more than a hundred waiting to get in. Finally, she took off her tasteful gold belt and marched through, chin held high. The crowd cheered.



Harriman

Speech-writers just don't get enough thanks for what they do. Bob Shrum, the private wordsmith for the Kennedy family's public utterances, was called in to cobble together something for the convention's Kennedy reunion. He not only wrote John Kennedy Jr.'s introduction of Uncle Ted and Ted's it's-O.K.-to-still-be-a-liberal pep talk, but he also penned the Senator's gracious thank-you for his nephew's gracious introduction.

Mr. Lowe goes to Washington.

The Democratic National Committee was baby sitter to a contingent of Brat Packers and other Hollywood luminaries: Ally Sheedy, Judd Nelson, Justine Bateman, Ed Begley Jr., Ed Asner, Morgan Fairchild and the ubiquitous Rob Lowe half



Estrich grins and bears it

disguised by scholarly-looking glasses. Their cicerone in Atlanta was Tom Hayden, who escorted them to seminars and around the convention floor. While on the floor one day, Fairchild spied Joe Kennedy Jr. Unable to get his attention, she accidentally on purpose bumped into him, then apologized with histrionic surprise. "Excuse me!"

A morning seminar led by Massachusetts Senator John Kerry ranged over such topics as the tax code, superconductivity and voting tactics in the Senate. Later, Bateman, a star of *Family Ties*, expressed satisfaction. "I've always avoided politics, because it seemed to be so complicated," said the miniskirted actress. "But being here and listening to everything, I really understand it now. It's like a big agents' meeting." —By Richard Stengel



Walt Bellamy keeps score

for The Speech That Would Not End, turning the Omni into the hall of the numb and the restless. Clinton stuck with a 19-page snoozer of a nominating speech through signals from the chairman to stop, through a flashing red light and through index fingers drawn across the throat, the broadcast symbol for "Cut it short." His humor returned the next day: "It wasn't my finest hour. It wasn't even my finest hour and a half."

BEST DWARF COMEBACK. Bruce Babbitt seemed to be everywhere in Atlanta, cracking jokes, hosting parties, making sense. Ironically, the candidate who said of his poor early television performances, "If they can teach Mister Ed to talk, they can teach me," was convention correspondent for two TV stations.

WORST THEME SONG. Although intelligently conducted by Kitty Dukakis' father, retired associate director of the Boston Pops Harry Ellis Dickson, *Fanfare for Michael Dukakis* was a freeze-dried composition by Corporate Composer John Williams, also

responsible for NBC's bloated theme song. Dubbed *Fanfare for a Son-in-Law*, the piece brings to mind Mark Twain's crack about Wagner's music being "better than it sounds."

BEST LINE BY A COMEDIAN. Mark Russell on Lloyd Bentsen: Ted Turner would like to colorize him.

BEST SPEECH BY A NON-KEYNOTING TEXAN. Jim Hightower, who called George Bush a "toothache of a man" who takes his privileged upbringing for granted. "George Bush," he said, "was born on third base and thinks he hit a triple."

MOMENT MOST LIKE A JERRY LEWIS TELETHON. Garrison Keillor of Lake Wobegon (where all the women are strong, all the men are good-looking, and all the children are above average) gave a syrupy rendition of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, complete with children, adorable on cue. —By Margaret B. Carlson





"Your Record Is Not Reassuring"

In an open letter, a former Secretary of Defense questions Dukakis' grasp of national security



James Schlesinger has dealt with national security for every President since Dwight Eisenhower. He was CIA director and Secretary of Defense in the Nixon and Ford Administrations, then Energy Secretary for Jimmy Carter.

DEAR GOVERNOR DUKAKIS:

While congratulating you on your nomination, many of us who have worked for the nation's security in Democratic and Republican Administrations feel trepidation about your views—and, more important, your instincts—on crucial defense issues. All that we have to go on are your actions as Governor and your statements in the campaign.

As chief executive of Massachusetts, you have had an opportunity to affect the national-security policy of the country as a whole, and your record is not reassuring. You have steadily prevented Massachusetts' participation in the Ground Wave Emergency Network, a communications system designed to transmit warnings or presidential orders to the Strategic Air Command and the North American Aerospace Defense Command if the nation were under nuclear attack. Of 56 intended GWE sites around the country, 52 have now been completed. Only your state and Rhode Island continue as holdouts. This Massachusetts gap in the national-warning system is particularly disquieting since the primary radar installation for detecting a submarine-launched missile attack is located on Cape Cod.

In your 1986 letter to the Air Force objecting to the placement of GWEN in Massachusetts, you suggested that having such a communications system might encourage the "mistaken belief that nuclear war can be kept under control once it begins" and thereby "make national leaders more inclined to let one begin." Governor, what deters war is the completeness and integrity of the U.S. deterrent, and secure communications enhance our deterrent. Yet you seem to suggest that the way to deter war is to be unprepared to respond.

In a matter less consequential but perhaps equally indicative, in your ten years as Governor you have declined all invitations to visit Hanscom Air Force Base, the premier military facility in Massachusetts and the home of the Air Force's Electronic Systems Division. Four ESD commanders have invited you. Accepting such invitations is the normal political practice, and other Massachusetts officials have regularly done so. Your unwillingness to visit Hanscom has led many of us to wonder whether you are viscerally antimilitary.

Your campaign statements to date have done little to dissipate such concerns. You have explicitly opposed America's latest intercontinental ballistic missile, the MX; plans for a small, single-warhead mobile ICBM, the Midgetman; the B-1 and Stealth bombers. You have also urged a ban on all missile test flights. You have indicated that you would terminate or radically reduce the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI).

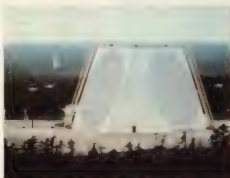
To be sure, you have strongly supported efforts to achieve

further arms-control agreements. Nonetheless, for us unilaterally to curtail our strategic programs, as you have suggested, would remove much of the Soviet Union's military incentive for compromise and thus destroy much of America's leverage in negotiations. In recent months, as you have moved toward the political center, you have acknowledged the continued necessity for nuclear deterrence and have indicated that, despite your opposition to the MX and Midgetman, you are not necessarily against a new ICBM in principle. Yet you will find that any new missile program is impossible unless you back off from your commitment to a missile test-flight ban. We cannot have a new missile system unless we test it.

You have expressed support for NATO and called for a "conventional defense initiative." This exhortation, which so far is largely lacking in content, seems intended to constitute your substitute for SDI and other new strategic programs. Those of us who have long advocated an improved conventional capability are eager to join in any serious effort to that end. But you seem not to have faced up to the intractable reality that improvement in the conventional balance is both difficult and costly.

Quite simply, nuclear weapons and nuclear strategy hold NATO together. Our European allies will view with alarm any statement that seems to weaken the nuclear element of the deterrent. They will be especially disturbed by any repetition of your remarks to the Atlantic Council on June 14 that NATO must be up "to the challenge of fighting—and winning" a conventional war. The Europeans are interested not in fighting but in deterring a war. They would not want as an American President anyone who believes that conventional war is somehow fightable and winnable—therefore acceptable.

Moreover, you will find that over the past decade or so, the Soviet Union has enormously improved the number and quality of its conventional forces. The Warsaw Pact has particularly improved its capability for short-warning attack. Therefore we have a dauntingly long way to go in restoring the conventional balance. Yet we and our key allies are under immense budgetary and other pressures to shrink NATO's forces. So while strengthening NATO's conventional capability is desirable, it will require careful handling of our allies and additional resources. In estimating the price tag for these conventional improvements at \$3 billion over four or five years, as you did in an interview with the *Baltimore Sun* published on July 3, you have trivialized the problem. A more realistic estimate would be tens of billions of dollars a year. Strengthening NATO's ability to deter war should not be simply an afterthought for a politician who may have painted himself into a corner by opposing strategic nuclear programs; a true conventional defense initiative will require additional expenditures roughly on the order of the Strategic Defense Initiative itself. As you seek to become the leader of the free world and our Commander in Chief, many of us hope that you will acquire a better feel for these complexities.



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JAMES SCHLESINGER

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Essay

Michael Kinsley

Hypocrisy and the "L" Word

John Chancellor: *Do you describe Michael Dukakis as a liberal?*

Paul Kirk: *I don't. I describe Michael Dukakis as a tough-minded, no-nonsense, take-charge chief executive.*

Tom Brokaw: *Would you agree that it's the working thesis of the Dukakis campaign this time that they have to... avoid at all costs phrases like "liberal"?*

Susan Estrich: *You know, the Republicans keep talking "liberal, conservative"... The point is that I don't think those labels mean a heck of a lot today.*

—NBC's *Meet the Press*, Sunday, July 17

Thus the Democratic Party chairman and Michael Dukakis' campaign manager defeated two barons of the press in convention week's favorite game: pin the tail on the donkey. The Democrats' renunciation of the word liberal annoys others besides journalists. It's annoying to believers in truth-in-advertising, Michael Dukakis, in most respects, is a classic postwar American liberal. It's annoying to Democrats who want their party to stand for something less bloodless than "pragmatism" and "competence."

It's annoying, most of all, to Republicans. Tarring Dukakis as a liberal is their main strategy for the fall. Don't be fooled, says President Reagan: the Democrats are just hiding their liberalism behind "trench coats and sunglasses." George Bush bragged to *TIM*'s Hugh Sidey that he possesses, and intends to wheel out, an actual quote from Dukakis, saying, "I'm a liberal Democrat." *Gatchu!*

Clearly the word is out of fashion. In the 1950s the term progressive was a euphemism used by Americans who didn't want to admit to being Communists. Today it's used by people who don't want to admit to being liberals. In the radical 1960s, when my ears got their political training, "liberal" was a semicomic term of abuse similar to the wonderful British political insult "wet." It meant wishy-washy, ineffectual, irrelevant. To those ears, today's sinister variants such as "ultraliberal" sound bizarre. In the 1970s conservatives were still claiming prissily that they were the "true" liberals, in the classic 18th century sense, and complaining that this esteemed label had been kidnapped by collectivists. Now no one wants the label.

If the widespread rejection of the term liberal mirrored a widespread rejection of the content of postwar American liberalism, the Democrats could be forthrightly condemned for their linguistic sleight of hand. But the Democrats' hypocrisy reflects the hypocrisy of American voters. And the voters learned their hypocrisy from the Republicans.

Just what are the Republicans accusing the Democrats of in this term liberal? Of Social Security? Of Medicare? Of farm price supports? Of civil rights? Of programs to clean up the environment? Of friendly relations with the Soviets? It's precisely because George Bush has no quarrel with the essence of the liberal agenda that he's basing his campaign on obscure irrelevancies such as prison-furlough policy and

an ancient controversy over the Pledge of Allegiance.

It's widely noted that Reagan's revolution never took place. The Government is bigger than ever, doing most of the same things. In fact, the failure of his revolution is the reason for his electoral success: it was a revolution people didn't really want. And Bush, lacking Reagan's charm, is backpedaling furiously, promising new programs, renewed Government activism, "a new day."

What he's not promising is to pay for it all. In a historically ironic inversion, "liberalism" now essentially means fiscal irresponsibility. Republicans accuse Democrats of it; Democrats hysterically deny it. Reagan says Dukakis is "a true liberal who, instead of controlling Government spending, raises taxes." Of course Reagan also raised taxes, and certainly didn't control Government spending. But he hypnotized the voters into thinking they could treat "liberalism"

like one of those magazine-subscription deals where you can write "Please cancel" on the bill and keep the first few issues anyway.

Well, it's only a word. If the essence of liberalism is secure even from Reagan, does it make any difference that no one wants to be called a liberal anymore? Yes. Politics has always contained a large dollop of hypocrisy. But under Reagan, hypocrisy has swollen to the point that it covers many of the most important questions politics is supposed to treat. And that has real consequences. America's mountainous debts are a concrete expression of the nation's determination to enjoy liberalism without acknowledging it, and therefore without paying for it.

But Middle Americans are paying more for their hypocrisy than they realize. Democrats are so afraid of appearing "liberal" that they rejected a platform proposal to increase taxes on people making more than \$100,000 a year. They winced as Bush scores points off of Dukakis' recent 50-a-pack increase in the Massachusetts cigarette tax. Meanwhile, the annual Social Security surplus is contributing \$40 billion a year toward covering Reagan's deficits, thanks to a Reagan-endorsed 1983 increase in the Social Security tax—a flat tax on wages that exempts dividends, interest, profits and all income over \$45,000 a year.

It's hard to believe this year's mushy Democratic platform was written by the same man, Theodore Sorensen, who helped write J.F.K.'s "Ask not what your country can do for you." These days no politician of either party dares to ask people to do anything for their country.

Thanks to a sleepy incumbent and a seemingly lightweight rival candidate, the Democrats may succeed in recapturing the White House on themes of "management" and "competence," without invoking the dreaded "L" word or the ideas behind it. And after a decade of Republican hypocrisy—especially after what happened to Walter Mondale's small experiment in straight talk four years ago—the Democrats may be entitled to one hypocritical victory of their own. But the next one they should try to win fair and square.



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—Sharon Ambrico, AT&T Sales Supervisor

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A Mixed Verdict for Meese

His legal problems are over, but his ethics remain questionable

After spending 14 months and \$1.7 million investigating Edwin Meese, Independent Counsel James McKay last week offered the outgoing Attorney General one small consolation: he will not be prosecuted for violating any of the laws he had been entrusted to enforce. But far from the "vindication" that Meese had confidently predicted, McKay's 830-page report asserts that Ronald Reagan's longtime friend "willfully" filed a false tax return and "probably" violated conflict-of-interest laws. If Meese's legal troubles are behind him, his ethical behavior remains troubling.

Meese was outraged that McKay would accuse him of unlawful conduct without giving him his day in court to rebut the charges. Meese termed McKay's tactics "absolutely at odds with every principle of our system of justice" and said he would fire any prosecutor in his department who promoted such "a false implication of wrongdoing."

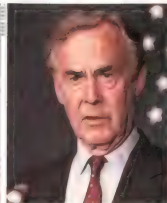
McKay explained, however, that unlike other prosecutors, he was required by the 1978 independent-counsel law to explain his findings publicly, including his reasons for not indicting. Most people who break a law, he said, are not prosecuted unless they have a clear criminal intent. McKay said he had found none in the case of the Attorney General, and although he considered the deterrent value of such a highly visible indictment, he had decided not to treat Meese as a special case. Said McKay: "It was a real tough decision—

what message is this going to send out to the public?" McKay's major findings:

Taxes. Meese failed to report his capital gains from the June 1985 sale of \$54,581 in stocks. When Meese could not locate the records to figure the capital gain, his accountant filed a tax return without disclosing the sale. Last February Meese finally filed an amended return, citing a profit of \$14,606 (understating it by more than \$6,000, according to McKay). Meese



Attorney General: "false implication"



McKay: "a real tough decision"

Most prosecutions require a clear criminal intent; McKay found none.

"probably" broke two tax laws by filing a false return and "failing to pay his income tax when due."

Baby Bells. Meese also "probably" violated conflict-of-interest laws by taking part in Justice Department decisions that could have enhanced the value of the stock he held in regional Bell Telephone companies. Although Meese had tried to transfer the shares to a financial adviser, he did not actually sell them and continued to get dividend checks. But he did not cash them,

and McKay found no evidence that Meese sought to profit from the Justice Department deliberations.

The Iraqi pipeline. At the instigation of his friend and attorney E. Robert Wallach, Meese helped promote U.S. and Israeli guarantees for a proposed pipeline that would allow Iraqi oil to bypass the Persian Gulf. Wallach told Meese the plan included a proposal to pay off Israel's Labor Party so that Israel would not sabotage the project. "If an illegal bribery scheme actually was afoot, Mr. Meese's actions would have furthered the scheme," said McKay. But some participants refused to be questioned, and there was insufficient evidence that a bribe

plot existed. Thus McKay did not charge Meese with aiding it.

Wedtech. Again at Wallach's urging, Meese in 1982 provided what McKay called "instrumental" help to Wedtech, a New York City firm, so that it could land a \$32 million Government contract. He intervened despite warnings by Fred Fielding, counsel to the President, and Craig Fuller, assistant to the President, that the White House should not get involved in contract awards McKay, however, found no evidence that Meese got anything of value for his assistance

or violated any law.

Rather than putting all questions about Meese's conduct to rest, the McKay report has renewed doubts about the Attorney General's ethical standards. They will now be investigated by Michael Shadden, chief of the Justice Department's office of professional responsibility, who announced that he will issue a public report. By then, Meese will be back in private life.

—By Ed Magnuson
Reported by Elaine Shannon/Washington

The Libyan Travel Bureau

Oliver North was its target—but then maybe not

He may have retired from public service, but Oliver North's past exploits continue to haunt him. Last week U.S. Attorney Henry Hudson tried to convince a Virginia judge to deny bail to an Arab-American businessman who had been involved "in a potential plot to assassinate a high Government official of the U.S." Administration sources later identified the official as North, who allegedly was targeted for his role in planning the April 1986 U.S. bombing of Libya.

But like many of the retired Marine lieutenant colonel's tales, the allegations

made by Hudson seemed inflated. Mousa Hawamda, a Jordanian American who runs a Washington travel agency, had been arrested, along with seven others, on charges of diverting funds from a Libyan student organization to bankroll pro-Gaddafi activities. None of the eight was charged with plotting assassination. However, Hudson told U.S. Magistrate Leonie Brinkema that Hawamda was a Libyan intelligence agent. An FBI informant claimed Hawamda had received a request from Tripoli in April 1987 to gather information on "a U.S. official."

Judge Brinkema was unconvinced. If Hudson did not have enough evidence to charge Hawamda with plotting murder, she ruled, Hawamda could not be denied bail on that charge. He was ordered released on \$250,000 bond, but re-

mained in custody pending an appeal by Hudson early this week.

Meanwhile, North and Iran-*contra* Co-Defendants John Poindexter and Albert Hakim won an unexpected ally in their upcoming trial on conspiracy charges. The American Civil Liberties Union announced it had filed a brief supporting the defendants' motion to dismiss the case because their immunized testimony at last summer's congressional hearings compromises their

Fifth Amendment rights against self-incrimination. "The Government had to choose between compelling them to testify before Congress and leaving open the possibility of a criminal prosecution," said the A.C.L.U.'s Kate Martin. If the motion is accepted, the only defendant to stand trial would be retired Air Force Major General Richard Secord, who testified without immunity. ■



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American Notes



PARKS Hodel was mad



THE WEST An inferno that may be just the beginning



LOS ANGELES Less of a drain

PORNOGRAPHY

Get Off the Telephone

By charging callers up to \$50 for the chance to talk dirty, telephone sex services have become a \$2.4 billion business. The Federal Communications Commission has gone after them with a regulation banning interstate telephone services that are obscene or indecent. Porn operators challenged the ruling, and last week federal courts in Los Angeles and New York City upheld the FCC's right to regulate obscenity but not the less explicit indecency. "I don't know if my client will still be able to operate now," said the attorney for one sex service.

Pornographers may not be the only merchants feeling the heat. An Assistant U.S. Attorney in the West expects the FCC regulation may be enforced against telephone services that do business with sex-talk companies.

PARKS

Donald Hodel's Turf Battle

Venerable National Park Service Director William Mott, 78, and his assistant Loran Fraser thought they had a grand idea. "A National Celebration of the Outdoors," modeled on the recommendations

of a presidential commission, was to be a week of activities focusing attention on conservation in local communities throughout the country. But last April Mott's boss, Interior Secretary Donald Hodel, chewed out the pair and demanded they abandon their efforts. Soon after, Mott and Fraser received a memorandum from Interior's legal office telling them they were under investigation and should retain outside legal counsel. "Hodel humiliated Mott," says one department official.

Some conservationists point out that Hodel was promoting "Take Pride in America," a national program similar to the one being planned by Mott and Fraser. Instead of encouraging more government-backed conservation programs, however, "Take Pride" stresses private property rights of landowners. A spokesman for Hodel insists the dispute "is not a matter of jealousy." Meanwhile, the investigation of Mott and Fraser for "violations of the code of conduct and conflict of interest" continues.

CITIES

You'll Love It Here

Where can you find 2% to 4% unemployment, world-renowned medical specialists and plenty of leisure activities? The Danbury, Conn., area,

community of 158,000 the best place in the U.S. according to a *Money* magazine survey. *Money* asked subscribers to weigh 50 factors such as low crime, real estate appreciation, schools, climate, transportation, parks and medical care on a scale of one to ten, and then used Census data to find out which metropolitan areas met those criteria.

Danbury is followed by other New York suburbs: central New York's Middlesex, Hunterdon and Somerset counties; Norwalk, Conn.; and Long Island. Then come San Francisco; Nashua, N.H.; Los Angeles-Long Beach; Orange County, Calif.; Boston; and Bergen and Passaic counties in New Jersey. At the bottom of the list: Jackson, Mich., and Atlantic City.

THE WEST

Summer Of Fire

Searing heat and extreme drought have turned Western forests into a species of kindling wood, and lightning strikes have provided the match. In Wyoming last week the so-called Mink Creek Fire, the biggest in more than 50 years, had burned to within a day or so of Yellowstone National Park after consuming 24,000 acres of prime grizzly-bear habitat. In Colorado one fire that torched 18,000 acres of deer, elk and antelope habi-

tat before being contained was rated the biggest in the state's history. Other major blazes are burning in Oregon, Utah, South Dakota, Washington and Alaska. So far, almost 1.6 million acres have been lost, half a million in Alaska. Colorado has already recorded 164 brush fires, vs. a normal 130 in a full year—and August, usually the worst month, remains to be endured.

LOS ANGELES

Royal Flush for A Full House

During this summer's severe drought, Los Angeles has adopted a typically high-tech approach to water use. The city council has passed an ordinance requiring that all new buildings be outfitted with ultra-low-flush toilets that use only 1.5 gal. of water, far less than the old 3.5-gal. variety. Problem is that the city needs 100,000 of these newfangled devices a month, far more than manufacturers are turning out.

Further complicating matters is the failure of the city's testing lab to quickly approve the three low-flush models available. To win city certification, a toilet must be able to flush eight handfuls of tissue. One model flunked when it flushed only seven. Los Angeles is considering imposing a six-month delay in enforcing the ordinance.

World

THE GULF

On the Brink of Peace

Iran's abrupt acceptance of a cease-fire may end its bloody eight-year war with Iraq

The first hint came in a statement from the general command of the Iranian armed forces, which called for "new stances in order to continue the sacred defense." Then came a startling message from Iranian President Ali Khamenei to United Nations Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar, declaring Tehran's willingness to abide by U.N. Resolution 598, the measure calling for a cease-fire in the eight-year-old war between Iran and Iraq. Still, much of the world remained skeptical, aware that Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini had personally vowed to continue the fighting "with the last drop of blood in my body." Finally, Khomeini, in an astonishing turnaround, confirmed the unthinkable: Iran would join its hated neighbor in agreeing to lay down arms.

"Making this decision was more deadly than drinking poison," Tehran radio quoted him as saying. "I submitted myself to God's will and drank this drink for his satisfaction."

Could the war that has claimed half a million lives, devastated two countries and led to the largest U.S. naval buildup since World War II finally be over? Not quite. A day after Iran notified the U.N. of its decision, Iraq bombed an Iranian nuclear-power facility at the gulf city of Bushire. Three days later, Baghdad launched new attacks along the 730-mile border between the two countries in an obvious attempt to gain more leverage in cease-fire negotiations. In response, Tehran radio broadcast an ap-

peal for able-bodied men to go to the front.

Yet if Khomeini's sentiments were genuine—and Arab and Western observers generally believed they were—he had taken a giant step toward ending the conflict. Calling the Iranian decision a "major breakthrough," the U.S. State Department said the move opens the way for a "restoration of stability in a troubled region of the world."

The U.S. has good reason to cheer the cease-fire, particularly in light of how it came about. A major goal of U.S. policy in the gulf has been to prevent Tehran from seizing dominance of the region. After last week's events, Iran seems likely to emerge badly weakened, and possibly as the clear-cut loser in one of the bloodiest conflicts since World War II.

The U.S. role in the gulf war did not come without a price, monetarily and otherwise. Tehran's voracious appetite for weaponry with which to wage the conflict led directly to the Iran-contra affair, the secret attempt by the Reagan Administration to ransom U.S. hostages in Lebanon with arms for Iran. In 1987, largely to prevent the Soviet Union from assuming a greater role in the region, Washington agreed to reflag Kuwaiti oil vessels with the Stars and Stripes and escort them through gulf waters under U.S. naval protection. That decision sparked some Dem-

ocratic demands for Reagan to seek congressional approval under the War Powers Act, especially after an Iraqi jet accidentally hit the U.S. frigate *Stargate* with an Exocet missile, killing 37 American sailors. But political heat died down as the U.S. oil convoys continued to function. The Democratic Party platform adopted last week, for example, endorsed freedom of navigation in the gulf as a desirable U.S. foreign-policy objective.

U.N. officials moved quickly to get peacekeeping machinery in place. Pérez de Cuellar invited Iranian Foreign Minister Ali Akbar Velayati and Iraqi Foreign Minister Tariq Aziz to meet with him in New York this week to discuss cease-fire arrangements. Two U.N. teams were preparing to make separate visits to Tehran and Baghdad. One will investigate the status of some 70,000 prisoners of war held by the two sides. The other, led by Norwegian Lieut. General Martin Væset, commander of the U.N. Truce Supervision

Organization, will arrange details of a cease-fire. The cease-fire team's report, Pérez de Cuellar predicted, "will allow me to announce the implementation of the resolution," perhaps as early as this week.

If a cease-fire holds, it may mark an end to not only a war but also a crusade. Khomeini had sought to use the conflict to help export his fundamentalist Islamic revolution from non-Arab Iran to



Iraqi President Hussein



RESOLUTION 598

The title may be pure bureaucratise, but U.N. Resolution 598 provides the outline for an end to the war. Its main points:

CEASE-FIRE: The U.N. invited the foreign ministers of Iran and Iraq to New York City this week to discuss a truce agreement. The U.N. is also dispatching a military team to Tehran and Baghdad to begin arranging the details. The U.N. plans to station cease-fire observers at the war front.

TROOP WITHDRAWALS: Largely moot, since neither side now holds any significant parts of the other's territory.

PRISONER EXCHANGE: Iran has 50,000 Iraqi POWs, and Iraq holds 20,000 Iranians.

FORMAL TALKS: Once a date is set for a truce, U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar will try to open negotiations for a comprehensive peace treaty.

ASSIGNING BLAME: A U.N. commission will be established to determine who started the war. Iran thus drops its refusal to stop fighting until Iraq is labeled the aggressor and President Saddam Hussein is ousted.

RECONSTRUCTION: Another U.N. commission will be set up to study international aid for postwar reconstruction of both countries. The arrangement falls short of Iran's demand that Iraq pay war reparations.

the Arab world. The Ayatullah's dramatic about-face must have been all the more painful since it coincided with two anniversaries that are anathema to him. Last week marked the 20th anniversary of the revolt that brought to power Iraq's ruling secular Ba'athist regime, now headed by President Saddam Hussein. Last week was also the beginning of the hajj, the season of pilgrimage to the Saudi Arabian city of Mecca, Islam's holiest site. During last year's hajj, 275 Iranian visitors were killed by Saudi security forces in Mecca after provoking riots there. Their deaths prompted Khomeini to call for revenge against the Saudi royal family and led to the breaking of diplomatic relations between the two countries.

The origins of the gulf war have grown somewhat obscure over the years. Most authorities blame Iraq for staging the first direct attack, in September 1980, though many concede that Baghdad was mightily provoked by persistent Iranian efforts to stir trouble within Iraq's Shi'ite Muslim minority. After fighting more than three years to recapture its enemy-held land, Iran invaded Iraq territory in 1984. Eventually, it squeezed off the Shatt al Arab waterway in southern Iraq, the country's only entrance to the gulf. At one point in the conflict, Iran held large areas of territory, notably in southeastern Iraq, and tried to establish an Islamic Republic of Iraq that would replace Hussein's government.

During the past three months, however, Iraq has suffered one military reversal after another. The turning point may

Khomeini, far left, in Jamaran during his most recent public appearance. Joyous Iraqi soldiers make the V sign last week after Iran's turnabout

have been its failure to seize the strategic southern port city of Basra during the winter offensive of 1986-87. Despite Iranian human-wave assaults, Iraqi defenders managed to hold on to it. Iran's confidence was further shaken by two Iraqi tactics early this year. One was extending the range of Iraq's Soviet-made Scud-B ground-to-ground missiles so they could reach Iranian cities. Between February and April, in the so-called war of the cities, Iraq launched 160 missile attacks on urban areas in Iran, terrifying the civilian population. The other shocker was Iraq's use in March of chemical weapons at Halabja, in northern Iraq, which severely demoralized Iranian troops, even though the main victims were rebellious Kurdish residents of Iraq.

More recently Iraq has been on an offensive in which its forces have reclaimed virtually all Iraqi territory still in Iranian hands, including the Fao peninsula, staging areas east of Basra, and the oil-rich Majnoon islands at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Khomeini desperately searched for ways to turn the tide, handing over command of the country's armed forces in June to Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, the powerful and relatively pragmatic speaker of parliament.

Although its population is one-third the size of Iran's, Iraq has more men under arms (1 million, vs. about 650,000).

Iraq also enjoys an edge in tanks, training and aircraft. On the home front, war weariness began to grip Iran and military enlistments dropped sharply. The normal contingent of 300,000 *basesji* (volunteers) attached to Iran's Revolutionary Guards has lately fallen off by one-third, according to Western estimates. "There's no heroism in it for the village boys," a Western diplomat in Tehran told *TIME* Correspondent David S. Jackson. "They're afraid of chemical weapons, and there's no chance of coming back covered in glory."

The accidental U.S. downing of an Iranian Airbus on July 3, with the loss of 290 lives, may have figured indirectly in Iran's policy switch. For one thing, Tehran chose to protest the incident by sending its Foreign Minister before the U.N. Security Council, a forum that it had assiduously avoided since Resolution 598 was passed over its objections last July. For another, the shootdown gave relatively moderate political figures a chance to argue the futility of continuing a war that, they insisted, the U.S. would never permit Iraq to lose. That line of reasoning had emerged on previous occasions. Tehran has long complained about U.S. warships' protecting gulf shipping from Iranian attack. Iran has accused Washington, correctly, of providing military intelligence to Iraq and more recently charged, although incorrectly, that U.S. troops helped reclaim the Fao peninsula. Says a U.S. military analyst: "Iran needed a fall guy."

Another factor may have been a growing dissatisfaction on the part of some Iranian officials with their country's isolation from the rest of the world. "One of the wrong things we did in the Revolutionary atmosphere was constantly to



Losing ground: an Iranian soldier lies dead in recaptured Iraqi territory near Basra

make enemies." Speaker Rafsanjani recently admitted. "We pushed those who could have been neutral into hostility." Tehran has begun trying to re-establish some of its old ties. In June, after intervening on behalf of three French hostages being held in Lebanon, Iran resumed normal relations with Paris, ending nearly a year's hiatus. Last week the country quietly restored diplomatic ties with Canada, severed in 1980, after dropping a demand that Ottawa apologize for hiding six American diplomats following the 1979 seizure of the U.S. embassy in Tehran. Few steps would give this friendliness campaign greater impetus than

a move by Iran to end the gulf war.

As usual, there was speculation that Iran's change of heart might be related to the 88-year-old Khomeini's deteriorating health. In June the CIA received a report that the Imam was suffering from heart disease, a blood clot or tumor in the brain, and prostate cancer that had spread to his liver. He was said to be under constant medical supervision and receiving large amounts of medication. While reports of Khomeini's impending death have proved to be erroneous in the past, he has seemed increasingly frail in recent appearances and has not been seen in public since June 26, when he was shown on Ira-

Oil: Win, Lose or Draw?

Predicting the future is always risky, but when it comes to the oil business, it often seems downright impossible. Who could have foreseen the shocking oil-price hikes of the 1970s? And then prophesied bottom-of-the-barrel cuts in the 1980s? No wonder the possibility of a cease-fire between Iran and Iraq threw oil traders into a frenzy last week as they tried to divine whether the cost of crude would ultimately go up or down.

For now, at least, traders are betting that oil production will drop and prices will rise. Reason: both Iran and Iraq have pumped as much oil as possible to pay for their holy war, helping depress prices. Peace could eliminate the glut, the theory goes, by bringing back tighter production quotas from Iran, Iraq and the other members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Such thinking caused the price of oil futures to seersaw violently last week. The price of a barrel of West Texas crude jumped 84¢, to \$15.70, when Iran first proposed peace, then plunged 47¢ per bbl. the next day, after Iraqi fighters bombed Iranian targets.

Even if a cease-fire takes hold, however, the long-term outlook for petroleum prices is far from settled. Economists estimate that the two countries will need a total of at least \$300 billion to rebuild their ravaged economies, twice their annual gross national products. The simplest solution is to sell more oil. Analysts predict that Iraq could nearly double its current production of

2.4 million a day by 1990; Iran's daily capacity might jump from 2.5 million to 6 million. If they pump that much oil to pay for reconstruction, prices will plunge.

Or will they? "Iran and Iraq might surprise everyone and agree to keep a lid on production," cautions Peter Beutel, an oil-market analyst for the Manhattan commodities firm Elders Futures, Inc. Another variable is Saudi Arabia's strategy, says G. Henry Schuler, an energy specialist at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington. Schuler points out that in 1987, when oil sold for \$20 per bbl., Riyadh increased its production to drive down the price and deprive Iraq of its war chest. "But once the war is over, then the Saudis don't have any reason to keep prices down," he says. Schuler's prediction: oil could jump to \$22 to \$24 per bbl. in a year.

A handful of industry analysts maintain that a cease-fire will make little difference in prices. World demand for crude is flat, they argue, and OPEC, which controls only 37% of the market, in contrast to 56% in 1973, may find it difficult to push prices much higher. "If the war ends, the geopolitics of oil are changed greatly," says Daniel Yergin, president of Cambridge Energy Research Associates in Cambridge, Mass. "But the price may not be changed nearly as much." The possibility of peace in the Persian Gulf seems to have left the petroleum community as bewildered as the rest of the world.



Coming home: a victim from the U.S.S. *Stark*

nian television greeting a group of Revolutionary Guards at a mosque next to his home in the Tehran suburb of Jamaran.

Whether or not Khomeini's health is failing, Iran's sudden move confounded the widespread prediction that the hostilities would not cease until he died. In the end, precisely the opposite may prove to be true. His departure is almost certain to open a period of political turmoil in Iran, with prolonged jockeying for position by, among others, Rafsanjani and Ayatullah Hussein Ali Montazeri. Khomeini's designated successor Iranian leaders may have realized that the old man alone possessed the power to extricate Iran from

the war. "It was vital for Khomeini to move now," said a U.S. intelligence analyst. "After his death, there would be nobody with the authority to pull it off."

Whatever combination of forces was at work, they came to a head on July 16. That evening, according to U.S. intelligence sources, there was a meeting in Tehran of senior political officials, including Montazeri, Rafsanjani, Prime Minister Mir Hussein Mousavi and Ahmed Khomeini, the Ayatullah's eldest son. With Montazeri providing crucial support to Rafsanjani, his rival, the group decided to recommend that the elder Khomeini agree to the cease-fire. The next day they convened again and received what Rafsanjani described as a "historic and important decision of the Imam," presumably similar to the message later read on Iranian airwaves.

In that message, Khomeini admitted that he felt "ashamed in front of such a great nation" for what he was doing. But "in view of the opinion of all high-ranking political and military experts," he said, a cease-fire was "in the interest of the revolution." In a chilling epitaph for the hundreds of thousands of war dead, he declared that the conflict had been "good for those whose children were martyred."

Tehran's announcement was welcomed nearly everywhere in the Middle East. In Egypt, which has sold more than \$1 billion in armaments to Iraq in the course of the war, President Hosni Mubarak cautiously expressed hope that "this is not some kind of maneuver." Syria, which because of a long history of rivalry with Iraq chose to back Iran, professed to welcome the "wise decision of the Iranian leadership."

In Israel, which has long taken great comfort from the thought that two of its avowed enemies were busy fighting each other, there was a sense of foreboding. The prospect of the battle-tested Iraqi army turning its attention to the Jewish state is unsettling to Israelis. "It seems the way the war is ending is with an Iraqi sense of victory, and this is bad for Israel," said Aharon Levran, of Tel Aviv University's Jaffe Center for Strategic Studies. Even so, few Israeli strategists believe that after eight years of bloodletting, Baghdad wants another war right away. Said Israeli Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin: "It is very difficult to see how Iraq can extricate itself from the gulf so quickly and engage Israel."

Both Iraq and Iran will need a long period of recovery. To finance its arms purchases, Baghdad has run up \$40 billion in debt to Western Europe alone, considerably more if loans that will probably not be repaid to rich gulf creditors are counted. But optimists among U.S. analysts, pointing out that Iraq was placing increasing reliance on Western markets and technology before the war, foresee what one calls an "opening to the West" and a move away from Soviet influence. Iraq is likely to challenge Syria for status among Arab states, probably successfully, but some experts believe that the Iraqis will reinforce their prospective new ties with the West by moderating their anti-Israeli stance. As for Iran's long-term future, everything depends on the succession issue, which remains as murky as ever.

For the U.S., the big question is whether an end to the gulf war will allow it to reduce its formidable naval buildup in the area. The current U.S. flotilla numbers 26 ships and costs an estimated \$140 million a year to maintain. The U.S. has no intention of completely ending its naval presence in the gulf, which goes back nearly 40 years, and even a partial pullback of current forces will probably depend on a reassuring period of quiet. But, said Secretary of State George Shultz, who received news of the Iranian offer while visiting Tokyo, "if the problems go away, the ship presence will go down."

Administration officials quickly claimed that Iran's policy reversal vindicated the decision by the U.S. and other Western naval powers to build up their gulf fleets. Iraq's performance on the ground doubtless had more to do with last week's decision than anything that happened at sea, but the presence of Western navies did provide a show of resolve directed against Iranian aggressiveness. In the end, said Thomas McNaughton, a gulf-state expert at the Brookings Institution in Washington, the "interests of Iran and Iraq and everybody else just fell into place." For U.N. mediators in the coming months, the challenge will be to keep them there.

—By William R. Dorrer.

Reported by Dean Fischer/Cairo and Bruce van Voorst/Washington



Making enemies: a Cypriot oil tanker takes refuge after attack by an Iranian warship

World

BURMA

Is It Time to Say Goodbye?

Ne Win offers to resign, but there are doubts that he means it

When the ruling Burma Socialist Program Party met for a three-day congress in Rangoon late last week, it was expected to focus on long-overdue economic reforms and a housecleaning of the organization's sclerotic bureaucracy. But General Ne Win, the wily strongman who has ruled Burma since 1962, had a surprise in store. In a nationally televised address after the congress convened, Ne Win, 77, offered his resignation as chairman of his insular country's only political party. He also called for a referendum within 60 days on ending the country's single-party government.

The move came after ten months of increasingly violent discontent with Ne Win's regime and with his "Burmese Way to Socialism," a system that has led to economic stagnation, food shortages and dizzying levels of foreign debt. If the resignation offer proves to be more than a ploy, it could mark an ideological sea change in Burma's government and might presage the gradual reopening of a country of 38



The wily strongman

million people that has determinedly isolated itself for decades from the rest of the world.

That could be a big if. In his speech to more than 1,000 congress delegates at Rangoon's old walled racetrack, Ne Win cited age and poor health as his reasons for offering to resign. He also asked the congress to approve the resignations of five top party leaders, including Party Vice President San Yu, 69, who has served as Burma's President for the past seven years.

The general added that his offer to resign should satisfy those who have taken to the streets—a reference to protests that reached new peaks in June, when thousands of antigovernment demonstrators marched in Rangoon. Ne Win threatened to call out the army if protesters rallied again. If that happened, he warned, the "army will shoot straight, not up in the air." Said a Western diplomat in Rangoon: "That doesn't sound like a man resigning. That sounds like a man who is very much in control."

Ne Win's authority has rarely been in doubt since he took power as part of an unopposed army coup in 1962. In 1973 his Burmese Way to Socialism became constitutional doctrine when the country officially proclaimed itself a socialist republic. In 1981 Ne Win handed the country's presidency over to San Yu but retained power as party chairman.

In the years since then, the strongman has grown more reclusive and his country more xenophobic—and poorer. Per capita income stands at only \$200 a year, well below that of China and the Philippines. Once the major rice exporter of South Asia, Burma is now barely self-sufficient in that staple. Rangoon is a seedy, decaying city where paint peels on once grand Victorian mansions; a Western visitor to the capital last week found that little had changed in the past five or six years.

One thing that may be different, however, is Burmese willingness to tolerate the stagnation. Demonstrations erupted in September 1987, when the government withdrew most of the national currency from circulation; scores died in recurring clashes. Since June, the country has once again been quiet, but a visitor last week remarked on an atmosphere of "underlying tension." Cautious Burmese listened to Ne Win's resignation speech with "rapt attention," he noted, but reacted with little passion. Said he: "People have adopted a wait-and-see attitude." —By Susan Tifft.

Reported by William Stewart/Hong Kong

Unhappy Birthday

The world's most famous prisoner celebrated his 70th birthday last week in Pollsmoor Prison, outside Cape Town. Isolated from the other inmates, Nelson Mandela refused the government's offer of a special six-hour birthday visit from his family as a way of protesting the plight of thousands of black activists jailed in South Africa. Meanwhile, Pretoria ordered roadblocks around the prison and clamped down on tributes to Mandela, including outdoor meetings, a private tea party and a concert at the University of Cape Town, which ended with the arrival of riot police in gas masks.

To millions of his black countrymen and to millions of other people around the world, Mandela, who has been locked up for nearly 26 years, remains a potent figurehead in the struggle toward a postapartheid future in South Africa. Jailed in 1962 for leaving the country illegally and inciting unrest, the symbolic leader of the African National Congress was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1964 for sabotage and plotting to overthrow the government. Since undergoing a prostate operation in November 1985, he has been held in Pollsmoor's hospital wing. Each year he is allowed 30 visits of 40 minutes apiece, and he may write and accept one letter a week. Although his wife Winnie collected 50,000 greetings on his behalf last week, Mandela received his limit of twelve birthday cards.

Mandela's continued imprisonment poses a dilemma for Pretoria, which fears that his release could set off widespread black unrest. "Humanitarian considerations must always be weighed against the possibility that civil uprising, violence and terrorism could follow," said Information Minister Stoffel van der Merwe. At least one progovernment voice disagreed. Asked *Beeld*, the country's largest Afrikaans-language daily: "Do we really want to imprint into our history that we let an old man die in jail while there was the opportunity to negotiate with him on the aspirations of his people?"



Mandela's wife Winnie and grandson marking the day

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World

ETHIOPIA

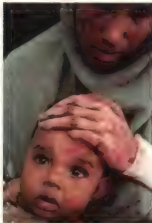
Eritrea: A Crucible of Misery

Famine relief sputters as the Mengistu government struggles to regain control of the north

Afabet. In the annals of the interminable civil war between Ethiopia and its province of Eritrea, the name is a milestone. It was at that dusty town in northern Ethiopia that the Eritrean People's Liberation Front overran President Mengistu Haile Mariam's main northern garrison in March. The rebels claim to have killed or captured 18,000 soldiers in one of their greatest victories in 26 years of fighting. At about the same time, just south of Eritrea, insurgents in Tigre scored a series of military triumphs.

With the rebel bands threatening to break Ethiopia in two, the brutal Mengistu and his secretive Marxist government have begun a frenzied effort to win back lost ground. In recent weeks government troops have retaken the major towns of Tigre, but the battle-hardened Eritreans have fought them to a stalemate. Both sides have used the region's chronic hunger as a weapon, with the rebels attacking a relief convoy and Mengistu ordering most foreign-aid workers out of Eritrea and Tigre. Some food is still reaching the estimated 2 million to 3 million victims of northern Ethiopia's latest famine, but no one knows how many have died, casualties as much of politics as of malnutrition. Photographer Anthony Suau traveled through Afabet and the EPLF field bases, assembling an album of stark images that illustrate the everyday realities of a murderous war.

■ **SCARS OF BATTLE:** An Eritrean woman displays burns on her child's face allegedly caused by napalm dropped from government planes. The EPLF charges that Mengistu's army has engaged in systematic terror against the civilian population, including indiscriminate bombardment of cities and towns in rebel-held areas.



■ **BUNKER HOSPITAL:** A wounded girl rests after receiving treatment at the EPLF's fully equipped and staffed hospital at Orotta, near the Sudan border. The facility is dug into a riverbank and shielded by stones and foliage. In their vast maze of underground grottoes at Orotta and Nakfa, the Eritreans also run schools, print newspapers and manufacture clothing. They even operate a spaghetti factory.





■ **WITH VICTORY, POW'S:** In a mountain-ringed region near the Sudanese border, guerrillas guard hundreds of Ethiopian soldiers captured in the rout at Afabet. Since last winter, Eritrean and Tigrean insurgents have repeatedly overrun Mengistu's demoralized conscripts. At left, EPLF police stroll by an abandoned government building still adorned with hammer and sickle



■ **SPOILS OF WAR:** Outside Afabet, Eritrean insurgents ride a captured Soviet-made T-54 government tank, part of a mountain of Soviet equipment left behind by fleeing Ethiopian troops. The rebels also captured a Soviet colonel and two lieutenants. Moscow, which spends \$500 million a year arming the Mengistu regime, has largely completed a huge air and sea resupply effort to support the current counteroffensive



■ **BASIC TRAINING:** Women EPLF troops, 30% of the fighting force, practice with unloaded rifles to conserve ammunition. The rebels capture most of their weapons in battle, though Mengistu claims that unnamed Arab governments are arming the insurgents in hopes of controlling Ethiopia's Red Sea ports



■ **NIGHT FLIGHT:** Refugees from Afabet herd their sheep north to escape the fighting. Most of the thousands of Eritreans displaced by the conflict travel only at night to avoid air attacks by government MiGs. In addition to the war refugees, thousands of northerners are on the move searching for food. The famine victims, many of them now behind rebel lines, are caught, as an aid worker put it, "in the eye of the hurricane"



■ **UPROOTED:** An elderly refugee peers out from under a shelter made from a blanket and tree branches. She and some 5,000 others have sought refuge in narrow mountain valleys, where they are hidden from raids by the Ethiopian air force



■ **OBJECTIVE, SAFETY:** After walking all night to escape the fighting, a man and his daughter arrive in the EPLF-held Nakfa valley in the early-morning hours. Thousands of refugees are being housed and fed in camps run by the Eritrean Relief Association, a rebel-affiliated aid group that operates out of bases in Sudan

A Few Minutes Before Noon

A new contra leadership may trigger fresh battles with Managua

The scene might have been lifted from the final reel of a western starring John Wayne or, for that matter, Ronald Reagan: thousands of adoring townsfolk cheer as the hero, rigged out in cowboy duds, rides off on a white horse. And just in case some member of the U.S. Congress missed the significance of the white hat cocked on his head, President Daniel Ortega Saavedra spelled out his good intentions last week during celebrations to mark the ninth anniversary of the Sandinista takeover in Nicaragua. In an effort to diminish U.S. anger over the expulsion of its Ambassador to Managua two weeks ago, Ortega announced that he would extend his country's fragile cease-fire with the *contras*, now in its fifth month, until Aug. 30. He also called for better relations with Washington and invited the leaders of the Nicaraguan Resistance, an umbrella group of Sandinista opponents, to return to the negotiating table.

Ortega's sudden switch to good-guy tactics did not sway the Resistance, which directs some 10,000 *contras* who are trying to overthrow the Marxist-led regime. Meeting in the Dominican Republic, the organization's 54-member Assembly, which considers itself Nicaragua's government-in-exile, elected a new seven-man directorate. Among its members: former Colonel Enrique Bermúdez, 56, the *contras*' commander in chief since 1981. The inclusion of Bermúdez, who served in the National Guard of the dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle, represents a major victory for hard-liners within the Resistance who believe that the Sandinistas can be dislodged only by military force. Said Silvio Arguello, vice president of the Assembly: "We're showing the whole world that we are politically prepared to reconquer Nicaragua."

Not everyone welcomed Bermúdez into the rebels' top political ranks. One Assembly delegate, in voting against Bermúdez, scrawled "No military dictatorships" across his ballot. Seven regional commanders of the *contras*' southern front, which operates near the border with Costa Rica, announced they were pulling out of the Resistance. In a bitterly worded communiqué, they said, "The struggle against the Managua dic-



Man in the white hat: Ortega celebrates nine years in power
But his good-guy tactics failed to sway his enemies.

tatorship is ill served by placing in the highest military command of the insurgency an ex-colonel of the hated Somoquista National Guard."

Along with Bermúdez, the Assembly returned three incumbent directors: Alfredo César, Adolfo Calero and Aristides Sánchez. They join Newcomers Wilfredo Montalbán, Roberto Ferrey and Wycliffe Diego, a representative of the Miskito Indians who live on Nicaragua's Atlantic Coast. Pedro Joaquín Chamorro Jr., a Bermúdez foe whose family publishes Nicaragua's opposition newspaper *La Prensa*, lost his reelection bid. Calero and Bermúdez have clashed in recent months over the handling of the war. But they appeared, for the moment, to have patched things up.

Said Calero: "We represent different trends of thought. But I can assure you that there is only one objective, and that is the substitution of the government of Nicaragua."

Bermúdez's presence among the Resistance policymakers virtually erases any chance of achieving a quick end to the seven-year-old civil war. Although he is expected to relinquish day-to-day command of *contra* troops, Bermúdez will find it difficult to stop thinking like a fighting man. In an interview two

weeks ago, he accused the Sandinistas of using the cease-fire to improve the military situation. "They are winning back the ground they lost in 1987," said. "We have to start all over again."

We have to burn the outposts and attack the positions."

In Washington the State Department predicted that the election of Bermúdez would help unify the Nicaraguan opposition. Yet White House aides acknowledged that a fresh request for lethal aid stands little chance of passing the House Representatives. "The institutional memory of Washington lasts about two weeks," said an Administration official. "Ortega doesn't do anything else stupid, there should be enough to keep a new aid bill from passing." If all U.S. assistance is cut off, Bermúdez has warned, the *contras* might resort to a campaign of terrorism inside Nicaragua.

Apparently Daniel Ortega's crackdown on the opposition two weeks ago stemmed from a similar

conclusion that new military aid to the rebels was unlikely. In the space of three days, the Sandinistas broke up an opposition demonstration, suspended publication of *La Prensa*, closed Radio Católica and expelled the U.S. Ambassador. Some Sandinista officials privately admit that the measures severely damaged Nicaragua's image. But they continue to insist that the U.S. embassy in Managua was blatantly orchestrating a campaign of

internal destabilization directed by Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams, whom Ortega last week called a "crazy criminal." Interior Minister Tomás Borge asserted that American diplomats had spread the word among opposition groups that future U.S. aid was contingent on their ability to prevent bloody protests.

The Sandinistas hope for better relations with

Reagan's successor, but on their own terms. As the recent clampdown demonstrates, there is a pronounced limit to how much internal dissent Ortega will tolerate. With the addition of Bermúdez to the *contra* leadership, both sides in Nicaragua's civil war may decide to fast-drawing cowboys, that it is high noon, and time once again to shoot it out.

—By John Moody, Reported by Wilson Riquelme and Neil Wiese/Managua



Enrique Bermúdez

World Notes



MIDDLE EAST Summer turns hotter in Israel



ITALY Checking out the pasta pedigree



EGYPT Al Jihad members on trial for Sadat's murder

EGYPT

The Big Breakout

Disguised in guard's uniforms, three of the most notorious inmates of Tura Prison near Cairo beat two jailers unconscious last week, then grabbed their machine guns. Spraying bullets to discourage pursuit, they leaped into a white Fiat parked near the prison and vanished.

The escapees were among 22 members of a Muslim fundamentalist group called Al Jihad (Holy War) convicted in 1982 of murdering Egyptian President Anwar Sadat. Officials declared a nationwide manhunt, fearing that the convicts might seek revenge on 44 police officers who were acquitted last month of torturing Jihad members while investigating Sadat's killing.

MIDDLE EAST

Turning Up The Heat

The long-simmering Palestinian revolt against Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza heated up again last week, as protesters engaged in the worst rioting of the summer. In Jerusalem a funeral procession for a 16-year-old allegedly slain by Israeli security forces erupted into a confrontation between rock-hurling rioters and police using live am-

munition. As a series of riots swept through Nablus, Jenin and Shuyukh, at least seven more Palestinians were killed. Many were protesting an Israeli decision to end the school year a month early.

Temper flared early this month, when outraged Arabs drove a group of Israeli archaeologists from a dig along the wall of Jerusalem's Temple Mount, a site holy to both Muslims and Jews. In retaliation, Israel's National Religious Party announced plans to relocate its headquarters to mostly Arab East Jerusalem, a move certain to raise temperatures even further.

ITALY

Hard News To Swallow

Crisis time in Rome. Had another government fallen or the lira tumbled? Worse. Thanks to a ruling issued this month by the European Community's Court of Justice, Italy's lasagna may go limp and its fettuccine flaccid. For a nation that eats its pasta *al dente*, or firm to the tooth, such news is hard to swallow.

The decision struck down a 1967 law that requires all pasta sold in Italy to contain durum wheat flour, which is firmer and more expensive than other varieties. Italians, of course, will still be able to buy their favorite pastas, but their grocery shelves will also

contain what the newspaper *La Repubblica* called "gluey and insipid pasta from Germany or the Netherlands."

Not all Italians found the ruling indigestible. Said Restaurateur Aldo Di Cesare, who owns a popular Rome eating place and admits somewhat sheepishly that he can consume more than 2 lbs. of pasta a day: "We're going to wait and see what the other stuff tastes like and, if it's better than ours, I for one will buy it." *Buon appetito!*

ZIMBABWE

Do You Know Me?

Poor Neil Kinnock. Sinking ever lower in the polls, the leader of Britain's Labor Party embarked on an eleven-day goodwill tour of southern Africa designed to lift his ratings. En route from Mozambique to Zimbabwe last week, Kinnock and his entourage landed by mistake at a tiny military airstrip near the Mozambican border. Instead of a welcoming party, the plane was met by Zimbabwean soldiers, armed with Soviet-made AK-47 automatic rifles, who herded Kinnock's 15-member group into a whitewashed hut.

Furious at such treatment, Kinnock traded profanities with a rifle-brandishing lance corporal before joining the others inside. Leaning out of the hut, Kinnock challenged the

soldiers to ask the corporal "if he knows who I am," and vowed that "he won't be a lance corporal very long."

The group was released after 90 minutes, and later received an apology from President Robert Mugabe. While Kinnock downplayed the incident, accounts of his failure to display a stiff upper lip provoked chuckles at home.

SOVIET UNION

Enough Is Enough

After five months of ethnic unrest in the republics of Armenia and Azerbaijan, Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev ran out of patience last week. Addressing the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, Gorbachev charged that efforts of the largely Armenian enclave of Nagorno-Karabakh to secede from Azerbaijan and join Armenia were "unacceptable" and endangered his program for revitalizing Soviet society.

Taking its cue from Gorbachev, the Presidium vetoed Nagorno-Karabakh's decision to leave Azerbaijan. Then, in the first action of its kind under Gorbachev, the legislative body stripped Soviet citizenship from Paruyr Ayrikyan, a leading Armenian dissident who has been jailed since March for fomenting unrest, and ordered him to be expelled from the country. His destination is not yet known.

Economy & Business

Bonanza in The Bushes

Owning a minor-league baseball club has become a grand-slam investment

Like Crush Davis, the aging catcher in the hit summer movie *Bull Durham*, most minor-league baseball players ache to make it to the big leagues but spend their careers taking bumpy bus rides between small-town ball parks. They are like writers who aspire to pen the Great American Novel but settle for scripting comic books: their lives are a compromise, an apology for what might have been.

The owners of the teams, though, are another story. All across the U.S., well-to-do baseball buffs are eager to buy up clubs with names like the Memphis Chicks, Montana's Butte Copper Kings and the Toledo Mud Hens. These new barons of the bush leagues may not have gained the visibility of a George Steinbrenner or a Ted Turner, but they are having plenty of fun and making good money to boot. With minor-league attendance at 20 million last year, up 25% since 1981, owning a team has become not only a fulfillment of a boyhood fantasy but a grand-slam investment as well. Fran chises that sold for \$20,000 just four years ago now fetch \$400,000 or more. The most successful farm clubs carry price tags of close to \$5 million.

Many minor-league owners are major-league businessmen. The Buffalo Bisons are owned by Robert Rich Jr., president of the Rich Products frozen-food conglomerate, whose family is worth an estimated \$450 million. Winston Cox, chief executive of the Showtime cable television network, is a principal owner of the San Jose Giants. The bush leagues have also attracted big-name investors. Among them: Singer Pia Zadora, an owner of the Portland Beavers of Oregon; Actor Mark Harmon, who has an interest in California's

San Bernardino Spirit; and George Brett, the Kansas City Royals player, who is part owner of the Spokane Indians.

Opportunities to invest in the minors used to be limited, since about 90% of the farm clubs were once owned and operated by the major-league teams. But by the mid-1970s, as minor-league attendance hit a low point and expenses began to rise, major-league owners began unloading the subsidiaries to local businessmen. Today less than 15% of the teams are owned by major-league clubs.

The big-league teams, however, kept their affiliations with the farm clubs and still heavily subsidize them to develop players. The major-league teams pay the salaries of minor-league players, managers and coaches. Players' salaries range from an average of about \$5,000 a month on Triple A clubs, the highest level in the minors, to \$700 to \$1,100 a month for both Class A ball and the lowest level of professional baseball, the rookie league. The parent clubs buy equipment and pick up the tab for 75% of the meal and hotel bills when the farm teams are on the road. The expenses add



Line up to see the Durham Bulls

up: most franchises spend between \$3 million and \$4 million on their minor-league affiliates. The majors pocket none of the profits, but they do get the opportunity to develop, say, a Mark McGwire or a Jose Canesno, both graduates of the Oakland A's farm system and winners of Rookie-of-the-Year honors in the American League. But only 10% to 20% of all bush-league players ever make it to the "show," as they call the major leagues.

Despite the subsidies, many businessmen who bought minor-league teams back in the mid-1970s had a hard time turning profits. Recalls Stan Naccarato, president of the Tacoma Tigers: "Some of those own-



Buster Bison, Buffalo's team mascot, warms

ers couldn't sell \$10 bills for a dime." They were happy just to kick the dirt in the dugout and scout the next Nolan Ryan.

Then the owners began to learn how to promote their clubs. Says Art Clarkson, major shareholder and general manager of the Birmingham Barons: "The days of opening the gates and letting people in are over. We've had to get into the merchandising business." As in the majors, the minor-league clubs started ball, bat, bat a sweatband nights. Then the farm teams added a few gimmicks all their own. Several clubs offer home-plate weddings to the fans. Anyone attending a Birmingham Barons game can order a birthday cake brought to his seat and watch his name lit up flashed on the electronic scoreboard. The El Paso Diablos give away used condoms after shooting off smoke bombs into the air. At a recent Buffalo Bisons game, the crowd watched a figure skater do her on a plastic sheet atop a dugout.

Some of the stunts are crazier than anything the Phillie Phanatic would do. The Everett Giants of Washington have featured such carnival acts as eaters and Captain Dynamite, who sees to blow himself up. "The bizarre was fairly well for us," says Giants Owner I. Bavasi. So do more orthodox gimmicks. The Louisville Redbirds brought in Beach Boys for a postgame concert at a cost of \$100,000. The game drew 22,000 fans to the stadium, three times the normal while concessions took in \$100,000, four times the usual sales. At the home game in September, the team gave away a \$34,000 Corvette sports car as a random drawing.

The promotional plays help make the for the earnest but second-rate play on diamond. Fans know that any player



the pregame crowd at the city's new Pilot Field

becomes a star will soon be promoted to a higher league. "We can't really highlight a player," says Bill Terlecky, general manager of the Maine Phillies, "because we might lose him." One consolation: many minor-league buffs can boast of having seen Dwight Gooden and other superstars play when they were fresh out of high school.

Fans seem to like the friendly ambience of bush-league ball. In many of the cozy parks, which often seat no more than 5,000, customers can sit in the top row of

the grandstand and still catch snippets of conversations among ballplayers in the batting cage below. Trotting down to the bullpen wall for an autograph is easy. And to the delight of baseball purists, Astroturf has not made it to many minor-league parks.

Most important, the tickets are still cheap. Typically, a family of four can get into the game for about \$10. The owners are able to hold down prices because of the subsidies from the major leagues and the other revenues, ranging from hot-dog and baseball-cap sales to advertising proceeds. The outfield fences in many of the parks are studded with billboards that local and national advertisers rent for the season for as much as \$3,000.

An estimated three-quarters of all minor-league clubs are running in the black, in contrast to one-quarter 15 years ago. One Triple A team, the Columbus Clippers, earned \$665,000 last year. Of the twelve Class A teams in the Midwest League last year, eleven earned profits that averaged \$30,000 a team. That may not sound like much, but some of the owners bought or started their teams for less than \$5,000.

More striking than the potential annual profit is the spectacular appreciation in the resale value of most clubs. Case in point: North Carolina's Durham Bulls, the Class A farm club of the Atlanta Braves featured in *Bull Durham*. Durham Businessman Miles Wolff bought the hapless Bulls for \$2,500 in 1979. Today the team would sell for about \$1 million. The Class AA Harrisburg Senators of Pennsylvania were unloaded for \$45,000 in 1980 and are currently valued at some \$1.5 million. Ten years ago, even Triple A clubs could be picked up for \$50,000. Now they are worth between \$2 million and \$5 million.

Perhaps the Buffalo Bisons best illustrate the metamorphosis of the minors. In 1982 the Double A team drew an audience of just 77,000 for the season. That year Rich bought the franchise for \$100,000. In 1984 he sold the team for \$350,000 to investors who moved it to Pittsfield, Mass. A few months later, Rich picked up the Triple A Wichita Aeros for \$1 million and moved the team to Buffalo. In 1987 the new Bisons attracted close to 500,000 to their games, the best attendance in the minors. This year the Bisons are playing in the new 19,500-seat Pilot Field, which two weeks ago was the site of the minor leagues' first All-Star Game, featuring players from all three Triple A leagues.

Some veteran bush-leaguers are concerned that people are paying far too much for minor-league franchises. "It's a rich man's game now," says Harry Steve, general manager of the San Jose Giants. Adds El Paso Diablos Owner Jim Paul: "I keep saying prices are going to hit a limit, although they don't." Like gold at \$800 an oz. and stocks when the Dow hit 2700, the value of minor-league clubs could be due for a tumble.

But most of the new owners are not in the game just for the money. Eric Margenau bought into Indiana's South Bend White Sox last year, soon after his son Max was born. Says he: "I had visions of sitting in the front row, watching a game, me and my boy." The priceless pleasures of the ball park also attracted Craig Stein, a real estate developer who is an owner of the Reading Phillies of Pennsylvania and the Memphis Chicks. Says he: "Nobody likes development. You're the bad guy. In baseball, at the end of the night, you go home and feel good about what you do."

—By Barbara Rudolph

Reported by David E. Thigpen/South Bend and Don Winbush/Durham



A San Jose Giant signs autographs

With total attendance at more than 20 million and rising, the most successful farm clubs carry price tags of close to \$5 million.



Figure skating on top of the Bisons' dugout is one of the team's many promotional gimmicks

Economy & Business



In Richmond, Calif., an 18-year-old toils for the base rate, \$3.35 an hour

The Incredible Shrinking Paycheck

Would raising the minimum wage help or hurt the working poor?

Some things grow better with age, but the minimum wage is not one of them. For seven years it has languished at \$3.35 an hour, and the purchasing power it provides, ravaged by inflation, has dropped steadily: in 1975 dollars, it is worth only \$1.55. A breadwinner earning \$3.35 an hour would have to work 52 hours a week every week just to clear the \$9,044 official poverty level for a family of three.

That situation has outraged labor leaders, who have pressured Congress into considering a major revision of the minimum-wage law. Similar bills, introduced in the Senate by Massachusetts Democrat Edward Kennedy and in the House by California Democrat Augustus Hawkins, would increase the base pay of American workers to \$4.55 by 1991 and then automatically peg it to 50% of the national average wage (currently \$9.28). The Democratic Party platform adopted in Atlanta last week calls for a minimum that rises automatically with inflation. But lawmakers have bogged down in a debate over whether the move would help or hurt its intended beneficiaries—the working poor.

Business groups contend that the increased labor costs from any hike jeopardize hundreds of thousands of jobs. Union leaders counter that such claims are exaggerated. Economists are of no help in resolving the dispute. Beryl Sprinkel, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, says a \$4.65 base rate would eliminate 600,000 jobs, cost consumers \$13 billion more a year and add \$2 billion to the deficit. The Congressional Budget Office has projected that 500,000 jobs would be lost. But Economist F. Gerard Adams of the University of Pennsylvania argues that a higher minimum wage would cost no more than 100,000 jobs by 1990. Reason: most unskilled workers

would be able to find jobs because of current labor shortages.

Another point of contention is that many minimum-wage earners come from middle-class homes and are working for pocket change. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, there are 4.7 million minimum wage earners. Heads of households represent less than 25% of the total, and teenagers 37%. Says William Dunkelberg, dean of the School of Business Administration at Temple University in Philadelphia: "There are better ways to help the poor than with the shotgun approach of a minimum wage."

Moreover, there are not so many low-wage jobs as there used to be. In today's postindustrial economy, the majority of positions require more education and skill than ever before. As a result, the number

of minimum-wage earners has dropped from 12.8% of all hourly workers in 1981 to 7.9% in 1987. Yet these jobs represent stepping-stones for many people trying to climb out of the economic underclass. A hike in the minimum wage, many economists point out, would eliminate opportunities for people who are less well educated or just entering the job market. Low-paying training jobs that provide work experience and employment skills will be the first to go, contends Marvin Koster, director of economic policy studies for the American Enterprise Institute. Says he: "Increasing the minimum wage hurts those workers who can least afford it."

Backers of an increase maintain that it is good social policy. Already, they note, welfare payments for a mother and child in California, for example, amount to \$6,348 a year, vs. \$6,898 for someone working a 40-hour week at the national minimum wage. As the gap diminishes between what the working poor can earn from a job and receive on the dole, so does the incentive to work. Says Washington Mayor Marion Barry: "As it presently stands, the minimum wage is a message to millions of citizens that there is no escape from poverty—even with full-time work."

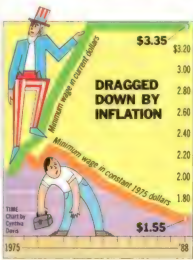
In the face of such widely divergent points of view, an innovative compromise is gathering support in Congress. A better way to help the working poor, says Republican Congressman Thomas Petri of Wisconsin, would be a combination of a modest increase in the minimum wage with targeted tax credits. His proposal: hike the minimum wage to \$4 by 1991 and expand the earned-income tax credit, a variable amount that poor working families are allowed to subtract from the tax they owe. The lower their income, the higher the credit. The current maximum for the credit is \$874, but Petri suggests raising it to \$2,500. The small increase in the minimum wage, he argues, is not likely to create unemployment problems, and the tax relief would help those with families. The result, says Petri: "We get people off welfare and pay them to work."

While debate continues on the federal level, eleven states and the District of Columbia have taken the unusual step of hiking the minimum wage on their own. On July 1, California became the latest to raise its scale, to \$4.25 an hour, the highest in the U.S. Even Governor George Deukmejian, a conservative Republican, supported the move, saying that it was overdue.

If Congress fails to act, the national minimum wage could soon be close to worthless. "We have, in effect, allowed inflation rather than legislation to repeal the minimum wage," says Economist Harley Shaiken of the University of California at San Diego. But more and more politicians at all levels of government seem determined to put it back on the books by raising it substantially.

By Christine Gorman.

Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and Edwin M. Reingold/Los Angeles





Queensland's Surfers Paradise beach is one target of the investment wave that has engulfed 18 major hotels and resorts

Invasion of the Gold Coast

A mammoth inflow of Japanese money alarms Australians

"Ah, Queensland, beautiful one day, perfect the next," burbles a middle-aged vacationer in a tourist ad for the state in northeastern Australia that has one of the country's most glorious coastlines. In a version written by Australian Comic Gerry Connolly for a TV comedy show, a beaming Japanese businessman delivers the punch line. "Ah, Queensland, beautiful one day, Japanese the next!"

The joke is no laughing matter for Australians, who find themselves alternately pleased and troubled by a \$6.4 billion Japanese plunge into Australian real estate over the past three years, primarily in urban hotels and shoreline properties, and by a 48% upsurge, to 215,600, in Japanese visitors in 1987. Last February, for the first time, Japanese arriving in Australia outnumbered tourists from any other country. According to a report by Lloyds Bank, 70% of land earmarked for development on Queensland's Gold Coast, a 25-mile strip of sun and fun, is controlled by Japanese interests.

On the face of it, Japan's growing involvement in their country should be good news for Australians: solid investors, solid tourist dollars, solid profits for all. Yet young Queenslanders in particular are voicing fears that they will eventually become part of a service class of waiters and cabdrivers for wealthy Asians.

The investment wave, driven by Japan's wealth and the power of the yen, has pushed real estate values beyond the reach of many Australian investors and has put Japanese companies in control of 18 major hotels and resorts. EIE Takahashi, which paid \$110 mil-

lion to acquire Sydney's Regent Hotel, has Australian investments valued at \$400 million. Daikyo has poured \$560 million into Australian property, including the Gold Coast International Hotel and the Brisbane Hilton.

When Japanese and Hong Kong investors began buying prime shoreline property along Sydney Harbor late last year, the Australian government, citing home-buyer reaction against skyrocketing property prices, imposed limits on foreign investment in some areas. At the same time, however, Australia tried to assure the Japanese that it still supported the "special relationship" between the two countries that was envisioned by the 1976 Nara Treaty and other accords. In meetings last month with visiting Prime Minister Noboru Takeshita, Prime Minister Bob Hawke acknowledged strains but told his guest that the "vast majority of Australians welcome you."

Despite such reassurances, a plan inspired by Japan's Ministry of Interna-

tional Trade and Industry to build a satellite city for retired Japanese expatriates on Australia's east coast seems to have been shelved. When a Japanese company earlier this year bought Brisbane's Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary, a ranking tourist attraction, 1,300 angry Gold Coasters jammed a protest meeting. Reported *Yomiuri Shinbun* Correspondent Tsunee Sugishita: "I was seized by the illusion that I was attending an anti-Japanese rally in a country at war with Japan."

One spectator remarked that the meeting reminded him of Nazi rallies in prewar Germany, and its organizer, New Zealander Bruce Whiteside, 54, agreed. "He's dead right, and that's something that worries me," said Whiteside. "The crowd was in the palm of my hand." Whiteside's organization, known as Heart of a Nation, seeks to alter the federal constitution to prevent non-Australians from owning property; it wants the government to take over foreign holdings and lease them back to the former owners.

Several Australian businessmen with links to Japanese interests are warning that Japan will simply "abandon" Australia if it is made to feel unwelcome. Says Gordon Douglas, a director of PRD Realty on the Gold Coast: "The Japanese have multiple options. Most countries are falling over themselves to attract Japanese capital and expertise."

A more optimistic view is taken by Peter Drysdale, the executive director of the Australia-Japan Research Center at Australian National University in Canberra. The Japanese have also faced heated opposition to their investments in Hawaii and California, says Drysdale, and he doubts that they are rattled by the cool receptions they are getting Down Under. —By Jeff Penberthy, Reported by Frank Robson/Brisbane



Tourists enjoying a pedicab ride while vacationing Down Under. Their hosts are both pleased and troubled by the mass arrivals.



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Business Notes



LITIGATION The gunmaker does not want its name on a car



MARKETING Peddling Tupperware at a company luncheon in Maitland, Fla.

REGULATION

Stay Tuned for Dial-a-Movie

Telephone companies look with envy at the cable-television business. But they are barred from offering cable service because regulators have feared that the phone companies' financial clout and network of lines would give them an unfair advantage over independent operators who had to install their own wiring. Now that cable companies have run wires past 80% of U.S. homes, the phone companies argue that the prohibition is unnecessary. Last week the Federal Communications Commission proposed lifting the restrictions that bar local telephone companies from offering cable service in their areas. The FCC will invite public comment on its plan before drafting a final proposal, and beyond that, any loosening would require a change by Congress in its own statutory bar. Moreover, the U.S. District Court in Washington would have to modify a separate consent decree that governs the activities of the regional phone companies created by the breakup of AT&T.

If phone companies are allowed to enter the cable business, they are expected to try to entice consumers to order such high-tech services as video telephones, home shopping and a video-on-demand service that would allow customers to select and receive movies

and other programs by phone.

Cable companies, which oppose the FCC proposal, argue that phone users would be forced to subsidize the multi-billion-dollar cost of installing wires able to carry both voice and video signals. The possible result: higher phone bills.

LITIGATION

Dueling Trademarks

General Motors' popular Chevrolet Beretta sports coupe is as hot as a pistol. In fact, it even has the same name as a pistol. GM denies any connection to the famed brand of Italian guns favored by both the fictitious James Bond and the very real U.S. Army. But last week Italy's Fabbbrica d'Armi P. Beretta of Brescia fired off a \$250 million suit against GM in Manhattan, charging that the automaker was guilty of trademark infringement and unfair competition.

Beretta traces its name to the 16th century, when the company dealt in crossbows. After the four-wheel Beretta was announced in 1986, the Italian firm negotiated with GM for two years in a fruitless effort to get the car's name changed. GM, which plans to contest the suit, insists the name is derived from various former products, including a version of the Chevy Camaro called the Berlinetta that was sold from 1979 to 1986.

TAKEOVERS

Disney Enters The Picture

When Polaroid announced two weeks ago that it was reducing its work force by as much as 8% and putting more stock in the hands of the remaining employees, Wall Street realized immediately what the company was up to: trying to boost the price of its shares and protect itself against takeovers. Little did the markets know, however, that Polaroid was already being stalked by a raider. For weeks, Shamrock Holdings, the investment company owned by Roy Disney, Walt's nephew, had been secretly accumulating Polaroid stock. At the same time, Shamrock sent letters to Polaroid's management proposing to buy the whole company. But Polaroid refused the offer, unveiling its restructuring plan instead. Last week the battle burst into the open, as Shamrock made a hostile \$2.68 billion bid.

The takeover attempt is the boldest move yet made by Disney, once disparaged as "Walt's idiot nephew." After leaving his uncle's company in 1977, Disney built Shamrock into a thriving enterprise that owns three TV and 14 radio stations. In 1984 Disney helped put together a new management team at the struggling Walt Disney Co. that transformed the firm into one of the hottest in the enter-

tainment business. Now Disney apparently aims to do the same for Polaroid, which has not had strong growth in a decade.

MARKETING

Now Call It Yupperware

What is that strange noise in the office next door? Answer: the sound of a Tupperware party in progress. The plastic food containers, which make a slight *hurrp* noise when resealed, are suddenly being shown and sold in all sorts of nontraditional places: on the job, in day-care centers, even at tailgate parties. In the past Tupperware was pushed exclusively at living-room gatherings of housewives, a successful marketing strategy devised by Inventor Earl Tupper not long after he dreamed up the product in the 1940s. But as more and more women joined the work force, the party calmed down and eventually had to move. From 1982 through 1985, Tupperware's sales dropped 13.3%, to \$762 million. Then last year the company, based in Kissimmee, Fla., began staging its parties wherever working women might be found. Presto! sales in the first quarter of 1988 rose 18%, compared with the same period in 1987. Moreover, Tupperware's sales team, once composed entirely of housewives, is now 3% male and growing.

Environment

COVER STORY

The Dirty Seas

Threatened by rising pollution, the oceans are sending out an SOS

The very survival of the human species depends upon the maintenance of an ocean clean and alive, spreading all around the world. The ocean is our planet's life belt.

—Marine Explorer Jacques-Yves Cousteau (1980)

After sweltering through a succession of torrid, hazy and humid days, thousands of New Yorkers sought relief early last month by heading for the area's public beaches. What many found, to their horror and dismay, was an assault on the eyes, the nose and the stomach. From northern New Jersey to Long Island, incoming tides washed up a nauseating array of waste, including plastic tampon applicators and balls of sewage 2 in. thick. Even more alarming was the drug paraphernalia and medical debris that began to litter the beaches: crack vials, needles and syringes, prescription bottles, stained bandages and containers of surgical sutures. There were also dozens of vials of blood, three of which tested positive for hepatitis-B virus and at least six positive for antibodies to the AIDS virus.

To bathers driven from the surf by the floating filth, it was as if something precious—their beach, their ocean—had been wantonly destroyed, like a mindless graffiti defacing a Da Vinci painting. Susan Guglielmo, a New York City housewife who had taken her two toddlers to Robert Moses State Park, was practically in shock: "I was in the water when this stuff was floating around. I'm worried for my children. It's really a disgrace." Said Gabriel Liegey, a veteran lifeguard at the park: "It was scary. In the 19 years I've been a lifeguard, I've never seen stuff like this."

Since the crisis began, more than 50 miles of New York City and Long Island beaches have been declared temporarily off limits to the swimming public because of tidal pollution. Some of the beaches were reopened, but had to be closed again as more sickening debris washed in. And the threat is far from over: last week medical waste was washing up on the beaches of Rhode Island and Massachusetts. "The

planet is sending us a message," says Dr. Stephen Joseph, New York City's health commissioner. "We cannot continue to pollute the oceans with impunity."

As federal and state officials tried to locate the source of the beach-defiling materials, an even more mysterious—and perhaps more insidious—process was under way miles off the Northeast coast. Since March 1986, about 10 million tons of wet sludge processed by New York and New Jersey municipal sewage-treatment

shore by unpredictable ocean currents. "In the past year, we've seen a big increase of fish in this kind of shape," he says. Who will eat them? New Yorkers, says a Montauk dockmaster. "They're going to get their garbage right back in the fish they're eating."

This summer's pollution of Northeastern beaches and coastal waters is only the latest signal that the planet's life belt, as Cousteau calls the ocean, is rapidly unbuckling. True, there are some farsighted projects here and there to repair the damage, and there was ample evidence in Atlanta last week that the Democrats hope to raise the nation's consciousness about environmental problems. The heightened interest comes not a moment too soon, since marine biologists and environmentalists are convinced that oceanic pollution is reaching epidemic proportions.

The blight is global, from the murky red tides that periodically afflict Japan's Inland Sea to the untreated sewage that befouls the fabled Mediterranean. Pollution threatens the rich, teeming life of the ocean and renders the waters off once famed beaches about as safe to bathe in as an unflushed toilet. By far the greatest, or at least the most visible, damage has been done near land, which means that the savaging of the seas vitally affects human and marine life. Polluted waters and littered beaches can take jobs from fishermen as well as food from consumers, recreation from vacationers

and business from resorts. In dollars, pollution costs billions; the cost in the quality of life is incalculable.

In broadest terms, the problem for the U.S. stems from rampant development along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and the Gulf of Mexico. Between 1940 and 1980, the number of Americans who live within 50 miles of a seashore increased from 42 million to 89 million—and the total is still mounting. Coastal waters are getting perilously close to reaching their

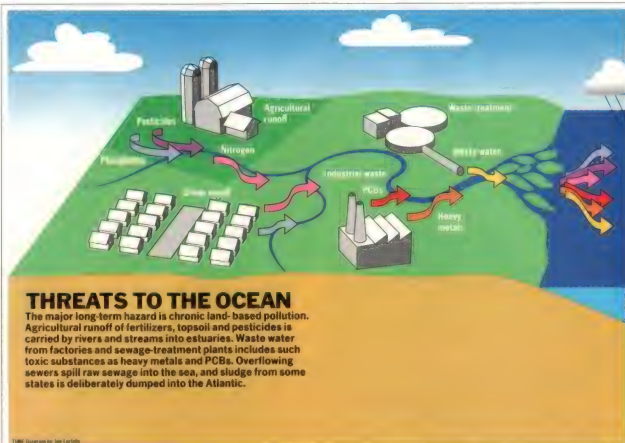
Crimson carpet: an algae bloom in Osaka Bay last May, one of the hundreds of red tides that appear off Japan each year



plants has been moved in huge barges out beyond the continental shelf. There, in an area 106 nautical miles from the entrance to New York harbor, the sewage has been released underwater in great, dark clouds.

The dumping, approved by the Environmental Protection Agency, has stirred noisy protests from commercial and sport fishermen from South Carolina to Maine. Dave Krusa, a Montauk, N.Y., fisherman, regularly hauls up hake and tilefish with ugly red lesions on their bellies and fins that are rotting away. Krusa is among those who believe that contaminants from Dump Site 106 may be borne back toward





capacity to absorb civilization's wastes.

Today scientists have begun to shift the focus of research away from localized sources of pollution, like oil spills, which they now believe are manageable, short-term problems. Instead, they are concentrating on the less understood dynamics of chronic land-based pollution: the discharge of sewage and industrial waste and—possibly an even greater menace—the runoff from agricultural and urban areas.

Conveyed to the oceans through rivers, drainage ditches and the water table, such pollutants include fertilizers and herbicides washed from farms and lawns, motor oil from highways and parking lots, animal droppings from city streets and other untreated garbage that backs up in sewer systems and spills into the seas. Says Biologist Albert Manville of Defenders of Wildlife, a Washington-based environmental group: "We're running out of time. We cannot continue to use the oceans as a giant garbage dump."

The oceans are broadcasting an increasingly urgent SOS. Since June 1987 at least 750 dolphins have died mysteriously along the Atlantic Coast. In many that washed ashore, the snouts, flippers and tails were pocked with blisters and craters; in others, huge patches of skin had sloughed off. In the Gulf of Maine, harbor seals currently have the highest pesticide level of any U.S. mammals, on land or in water. From Portland to Morehead City,

N.C., fishermen have been hauling up lobsters and crabs with gaping holes in their shells and fish with rotted fins and ulcerous lesions. Last year's oyster haul in Chesapeake Bay was the worst ever: the crop was decimated by dermo, a fungal disease, and the baffling syndrome MSX (multinucleate sphere X).

Suffocating and sometimes poisonous blooms of algae—the so-called red and brown tides—regularly blot the nation's coastal bays and gulfs, leaving behind a trail of dying fish and contaminated mollusks and crustaceans. Patches of water that have been almost totally depleted of oxygen, known as dead zones, are proliferating. As many as 1 million fluke and flounder were killed earlier this summer when they became trapped in anoxic water in New Jersey's Raritan Bay. Another huge dead zone, 300 miles long and ten miles wide, is adrift in the Gulf of Mexico.

Shellfish beds in Texas have been closed eleven times in the past 18 months because of pollution. Crab fisheries in Lavaca Bay, south of Galveston, were forced to shut down when dredging work stirred up mercury that had settled in the sediment. In neighboring Louisiana 35% of the state's oyster beds are closed because of sewage contamination. Says Oliver Houck, a professor of environmental law at Tulane: "These waters are nothing

more than cocktails of highly toxic substances."

The Pacific coastal waters are generally cleaner than most, but they also contain pockets of dead—and deadly—water. Seattle's Elliott Bay is contaminated with a mix of copper, lead, arsenic, zinc, cadmium and polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs), chemicals once widely used by the electrical-equipment industry. "The bottom of this bay is a chart of industrial history," says Thomas Hubbard, a water-quality planner for Seattle. "If you took a core sample, you could date the Depression, World War II. You could see when PCBs were first used and when they were banned and when lead was eliminated from gasoline." Commencement Bay, Tacoma's main harbor, is the nation's largest underwater area designated by the Environmental Protection Agency as a Superfund site, meaning that pollution in the bay is so hazardous that the Federal Government will supervise its cleanup.

Washington State fisheries report finding tumors in the livers of English sole, which dwell on sediment. Posted signs warn, BOTTOMFISH, CRAB AND SHELLFISH MAY BE UNSAFE TO EAT DUE TO POLLUTION. Let anyone fail to get the message, the caution is printed in seven languages: English, Spanish, Vietnamese, Cambodian, Lao, Chinese and Korean.

San Francisco Bay is also contaminated with copper, nickel, cadmium, mer-

Acid rain and wind-borne pesticides fall into estuaries and oceans; they may stimulate algae blooms and destroy spawning grounds.

Recreational boaters, fishermen and ocean-going ships dump their garbage overboard. Much of this waste consists of plastics, which kill millions of birds, mammals and other marine creatures every year. They become entangled in discarded fishing lines and nets, and six-pack holders can choke them.

Oil spills from tankers and offshore drilling rigs are short-term hazards to the ocean and beaches.



Algae feed on nitrogen and phosphorus, leading to explosive growths (red and brown tides). These growths, or blooms, block the sunlight to submerged plants and kill them. When the algae decay, they rob the ocean of oxygen, suffocating sea creatures and producing massive fish kills. Toxins from algae can also kill fish.

When heavy metals, PCBs and toxic algae are ingested by marine life, it becomes contaminated and inedible.

One pollutant by itself may not be lethal, but the combined effect of many pollutants can create stress in marine life, resulting in burn holes in lobsters, fin rot and ulcers on fish.

ry and other heavy metals from industrial discharges. Last year toxic discharges increased 23%. In Los Angeles urban runoff and sewage deposits have had a devastating impact on coastal ecosystems, notably in Santa Monica Bay, which gets occasional floods of partly processed wastes from a nearby sewage-treatment plant during heavy rainstorms. Off San Diego's Point Loma, a popular haunt of skin divers, the waters are so contaminated with sewage that undersea explorers run the risk of bacterial infection.

U.S. shores are also being inundated by waves of plastic debris. On the sands of the Texas Gulf Coast one day last September, volunteers collected 307 tons of litter, two-thirds of which was plastic, including 31,733 bags, 30,295 bottles and 15,631 six-pack yokes. Plastic trash is being found far out to sea. On a four-day trip from Maryland to Florida that ranged 100 miles offshore, John Hardy, an Oregon State University marine biologist, spotted "Styrofoam and other plastic on the surface, most of the whole cruise."

Nonbiodegradable plastic, merely a nuisance to sailors, can kill or maim marine life. As many as 2 million seabirds and 100,000 marine mammals die every year after eating or becoming entangled in the debris. Sea turtles choke on plastic bags they mistake for jellyfish, and sea lions are ensnared when they playfully poke their noses into plastic nets and

ribs. Unable to open their jaws, some sea lions simply starve to death. Brown pelicans become so enmeshed in fishing line that they can hang themselves. Says Kathy O'Hara of the Center for Environmental Education in Washington: "We have seen them dangling from tree branches in Florida."

Some foreign shores are no better off. Remote beaches on Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula are littered with plastics and

tires. Fish and birds are being choked out of Guanabara Bay, the entryway to Rio de Janeiro, by sewage and industrial fallout. Japan's Inland Sea is plagued by 200 red tides annually; one last year killed more than 1 million yellowtail with a potential market value of \$15 million. In the North Sea chemical pollutants are believed to have been a factor in the deaths of 1,500 harbor seals this year. Last spring the Scandinavian fish industry was hard hit when millions of salmon and sea trout were suffocated by an algae bloom that clung to their gills and formed a slimy film. Farmers towed their floating fishponds from fjord to fjord in a desperate effort to evade the deadly tide.

For five years, at 200 locations around the U.S., the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration has been studying mussels, oysters and bottom-dwelling fish, like flounder, that feed on the pollutant-rich sediment. These creatures, like canaries placed in a coal mine to detect toxic gases, serve as reliable indicators of the presence of some 50 contaminants. The news is not good. Coastal areas with dense populations and a long history of industrial discharge show the highest levels of pollution. Among the worst, according to Charles Ehler of NOAA, Boston Harbor, the Hudson River-Raritan estuary on the New Jersey coast, San Diego harbor and Washington's Puget Sound.



Environment

Last week the EPA added six major estuaries to the half a dozen already on the list of ecologically sensitive coastal areas targeted for long-term study. Estuaries, where rivers meet the sea, are the spawning grounds and nurseries for at least two-thirds of the nation's commercial fisheries, as well as what the EPA calls sources of "irreplaceable recreation and aesthetic enjoyment."

Although the poisoning of coastal waters strongly affects vacationers, homeowners and resort operators, its first (and often most vocal) victims are fishermen. Commercial fishing in the U.S. is a \$3.1 billion industry, and it is increasingly threatened. Fisherman Richard Hambley of Swansboro, N.C., recalls that only a few years ago, tons of sturgeon and mullet were pulled out of the White Oak River. "Now

EPA: "Anyone who eats the liver from a lobster taken from an urban area is living dangerously."

Fish and shellfish that have absorbed toxins can indirectly pass contaminants to humans. Birds migrating between Central America and the Arctic Circle, for example, make a stopover in San Francisco's wetlands, where they feast on clams and mussels that contain high concentrations of cadmium, mercury and lead. Says Biologist Gregory Karras of Citizens for a Better Environment: "The birds become so polluted, there is a risk from eating ducks shot in the South Bay."

Despite the overwhelming evidence of coastal pollution, cleaning up the damage, except in a few scattered communities, has a fairly low political priority. One reason: most people assume that the vast oceans,

well as contaminants, enter rivers from a variety of sources. Eventually, these pollutants find their way into tidal waters. For the oceans, the first critical line of defense is that point in estuaries, wetlands and marshes where freshwater meets salt water. Marine biologists call this the zone of maximum turbidity—literally, where the water becomes cloudy from mixing.

There, nutrients and contaminants that have dissolved in freshwater encounter the ionized salts of seawater. The resulting chemical reactions create particles that incorporate the pollutants, which then settle to the bottom. As natural sinks for contaminants, these turbidity zones protect the heart of the estuary and the ocean waters beyond.

But the fragile estuarine systems can be overtaxed in any number of ways.

Pacific pileup:
mounds of colorful
plastic debris
litter the sands
of Niihau, an
island in the
Hawaiian chain



that is nonexistent," he says. "There are no trout schools anymore. Crabs used to be like fleas. I'm lucky to get a few bushels." Ken Seigler, who works Swansboro's Queens Creek, has seen his income from clams and oysters drop 50% in seven years; this year he was forced to apply for food stamps. New Jersey Fisherman Ed Maliszewski has used his small boat for only two weeks this year. He is trying to bail out, and so are others.

In the diet-and-wellness '80s, fish has been widely touted as a healthful food. Not only do smaller catches mean ever higher prices, but also the incidence of illnesses from eating contaminated fish—including gastroenteritis, hepatitis A and cholera—is rising around the U.S. Pesticide residues and other chemicals so taint New York marine waters that state officials have warned women of childbearing age and children under 15 against consuming more than half a pound of bluefish a week; they should never eat striped bass caught off Long Island. Says Mike Deland, New England regional administrator for the

which cover more than 70% of the world's surface, have an inexhaustible capacity to neutralize contaminants, by either absorbing them or letting them settle harmlessly to the sediment miles below the surface. "People think 'Out of sight, out of mind,'" says Richard Curry, an oceanographer at Florida's Biscayne National Park. The popular assumption that oceans will in effect heal themselves may carry some truth, but scientists warn that this is simply not known. Says Marine Scientist Herbert Windom of Georgia's Skidaway Institute of Oceanography: "We see things that we don't really understand. And we don't really have the ability yet to identify natural and unnatural phenomena." Notes Sharron Stewart of the Texas Environmental Coalition: "We know more about space than the deep ocean."

Marine scientists are only now beginning to understand the process by which coastal waters are affected by pollution. The problem, they say, may begin hundreds of miles from the ocean, where nutrients, such as nitrogen and phosphorus, as

Dredging can stir up the bottom, throwing pollutants back into circulation. The U.S. Navy plans to build a port in Puget Sound for the aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Nimitz* and twelve other ships; the project will require displacement of more than 1 million cu. yds. of sediment, with unknown ecological consequences. Similarly, natural events such as hurricanes can bestir pollutants from the sediment. The estuarine environment also changes when the balance of freshwater and salt water is disturbed. Upstream dams, for example, diminish the flow of freshwater into estuaries; so do droughts. On the other hand, rainstorms can cause an excess of freshwater runoff from the land.

Whatever the precise cause, trouble begins when the level of pollutants in the water overwhelms the capacity of estuaries to assimilate them. The overtaxed system, unable to absorb any more nutrients or contaminants, simply passes them along toward bays and open coastal areas. "When the system is working," says Maurice Lynch, a biological oceanographer at

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the Virginia Institute of Marine Science, "it can take a lot of assault. But when it gets out of whack, it declines rapidly."

It is then that the natural growth of sea grass may be ended, as has happened in Chesapeake Bay, or sudden blooms of algae can occur, particularly in stagnant waters. The exact reasons for these spurts of algal growth are unknown. They can be triggered, for example, by extended periods of sunny weather following heavy rains. Scientists believe algal growth is speeded up by the runoff of agricultural fertilizers. The burgeoning algae form a dense layer of vegetation that displaces other plants. As the algae die and decay, they sap enormous amounts of oxygen from the water, asphyxiating fish and other organisms.

Some kinds of algae contain toxic chemicals that are deadly to marine life. When carcasses of more than a dozen

previously been confined to the Gulf of Mexico, apparently drifted to Atlantic shores by way of the Gulf Stream. One species that is native to Southern California is thought to have been carried to Spain in the ballast water of freighters.

The effects of man-made pollution on coastal zones can often be easily seen; far less clear is the ultimate impact on open seas. The ocean has essentially two ways of coping with pollutants: it can dilute them or metabolize them. Pollutants can be dispersed over hundreds of square miles of ocean by tides, currents, wave action, huge underwater columns of swirling water called rings, or deep ocean storms caused by earthquakes and volcanoes.

Buried toxins can also be moved around by shrimp and other creatures that dig into the bottom and spread the substances through digestion and excretion. Though ocean sediment generally accu-

ter of oxygen, suffocating many forms of marine life. What effect chronic contamination from sludge and other wastes will have on the oceans' restorative powers is still unknown.

Rebuckling the planet's life belt may prove formidable. The federal Clean Water Act of 1972 overlooked runoff pollution in setting standards for water quality. Meanwhile, the nation's coasts are subject to the jurisdiction of a bewildering (and often conflicting) array of governmental bodies. One prime example of this confusion, reports TIME Houston Bureau Chief Richard Woodbury, is found in North Carolina's Albemarle-Pamlico region. There both the federal Food and Drug Administration and a state agency regulate the harvesting of shellfish. A third agency, the state's health department, surveys and samples the water and shellfish. And another state body sets the



Atlantic agony:
a dead dolphin,
brought in by the
tide, lies rotting
near an amusement
park on southern
New Jersey's
beleaguered shore

whales washed up on Cape Cod last fall, their deaths were attributed to paralytic shellfish poisoning that probably passed up the food chain through tainted mackerel consumed by the whales. Carpets of algae can turn square miles of water red, brown or yellow. Some scientists speculate that the account in *Exodus 7: 20* of the Nile's indefinitely turning red may refer to a red tide.

When such blights occur in coastal areas, the result can be devastating. Last November a red tide off the coast of the Carolinas killed several thousand mullet and all but wiped out the scallop population. Reason: the responsible species, *Ptychodiscus brevis*, contains a poison that causes fish to bleed to death. Brown tides, unknown to Long Island waters before 1985, have occurred every summer since; they pose a constant threat to valuable shellfish beds.

A study of satellite photographs has led scientists to believe that algae can be conveyed around the world on ocean currents. The Carolinas algae, which had

mulates at a rate of about one-half inch per thousand years. Biogeochemist John Farrington of the University of Massachusetts at Boston cites discoveries of plutonium from thermonuclear test blasts in the 1950s and 1960s located 12 in. to 20 in. deep in ocean sediment. Thus contaminants can conceivably lie undisturbed in the oceans indefinitely—or resurface at any time.

There is little question that the oceans have an enormous ability to absorb pollutants and even regenerate once damaged waters. For example, some experts feared that the vast 1979 oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico would wipe out the area's shrimp industry. That disaster did not occur, apparently because the ocean has a greater capacity to break down hydrocarbons than scientists thought. But there may be a limit to how much damage a sector of ocean can take. Under assault by heavy concentrations of sludge, for example, the self-cleansing system can be overwhelmed. Just like decaying algae, decomposing sludge robs the wa-

guidelines for opening or closing shellfish beds. Complains Douglas Rader of the Environmental Defense Fund: "The crazy mix of agencies hurts the prospects for good management."

Lax enforcement of existing clean-water policies is another obstacle. According to Clean Ocean Action, a New Jersey-based watchdog group, 90% of the 1,500 pipelines in the state that are allowed to discharge effluent into the sea do so in violation of regulatory codes. Municipalities flout the rules as well. Even if Massachusetts keeps to a very tight schedule on its plans to upgrade sewage treatment, Boston will not be brought into compliance with the Clean Water Act until 1999—22 years after the law's deadline. Meanwhile, the half a billion gallons of sewage that pour into Boston Harbor every day receive treatment that is rudimentary at best.

Some communities are leading the way in trying to preserve their shores and coastal waters. In March the legislature of Suffolk County on Long Island passed a law

Environment



forbidding retail food establishments to use plastic grocery bags, food containers and wrappers beginning next year. Sixteen states have laws requiring that the plastic yokes used to hold six-packs of soda or beer together be photo- or biodegradable. Last December the U.S. became the 29th nation to ratify an amendment to the Marpol (for marine pollution) treaty, which prohibits ships and boats from disposing of plastics—from fishing nets to garbage bags—anywhere in the oceans. The pact goes into effect at the end of this year.

Compliance will not be easy. Merchant fleets dump at least 450,000 plastic containers overboard every day. The U.S. Navy, which accounts for four tons of plastic daily, has canceled a contract for 11 million plastic shopping bags, and is testing a shipboard trash compactor. It is also developing a waste processor that can melt plastics and turn them into bricks. The Navy's projected cost of meeting the treaty provision: at least \$1 million a ship. Supporters of the Marpol treaty readily acknowledge that it will not totally eliminate plastic pollution. "If a guy goes out on deck late at night and throws a bag of trash overboard," says James Coe of NOAA's National Marine Fisheries Service in Seattle, "there's no way that anyone will catch him."

Stiff fines and even prison sentences may get the attention of landbound polluters. Under Administrator Mike Deland, the EPA's New England office has acquired a reputation for tough pursuit of violators. In November 1986 the agency filed criminal charges against a Providence boatbuilder for dumping PCBs into Narragansett Bay. The company was

fined \$600,000 and its owner \$75,000; he was put on probation for five years.

Washington is one of the few states with a comprehensive cleanup program. Three years ago, the Puget Sound water-quality authority developed a master plan for cleaning up the heavily polluted, 3,200-sq.-mi. body of water. The state legislature has levied an 8¢-a-pack surtax on cigarettes to help pay the bill; this year the tax will contribute an estimated \$25 million to the cleanup. The Puget Sound authority and other state agencies closely monitor discharge of industrial waste and are working with companies on ways to reduce effluent.

An aggressive effort is being made to limit runoff as well. Two counties have passed ordinances that regulate the clearing of land and the installation and inspection of septic tanks. Farmers are now required to fence cattle away from streams. Zoning has become more stringent for construction in a critical watershed area: a single-family house requires at least two acres of land. The number of livestock and poultry per acre is also controlled.

The Puget Sound group has an educational program that teaches area residents everything from the history of the sound to what not to put down the kitchen sink. Controlling pollution is promoted as everyone's task. High school students take water samples, and island dwellers have been trained in what to do if they spot an oil spill. Says Seattle Water-Quality Planner Hubbard, "Bridgetenders are great at calling in with violations. They are up high, and when they see a black scum or a

little slick, they let us know about it."

Officials hope the cleanup program will have the same result as a decades-long effort mounted by the Federal Government and four states in the Delaware River estuary, an area ringed by heavy industry and home to almost 6 million people. The Delaware's pollution problems began in Benjamin Franklin's day. By World War II, the river had become so foul that airplane pilots could smell it at 5,000 ft. President Franklin Roosevelt even considered it a threat to national security. In 1941 he ordered an investigation to determine whether gases from the water were causing corrosion at a secret radar installation on the estuary.

Although the Delaware will never regain its precolonial purity, the estuary has been vastly improved. Shad, which disappeared 60 years ago, are back, along with 33 other species of fish that had virtually vanished. Estuary Expert Richard Albert calls the Delaware "one of the premier pollution-control success stories in the U.S."

Such triumphs are still rare, and there is all too little in the way of concerted multinational activity to heal the oceans. That means pollution is bound to get worse. Warns Clifton Curtis, president of the Oceanic Society, a Washington-based environmental organization: "We can expect to see an increase in the chronic contamination of coastal waters, an increase in health advisories and an increase in the closing of shellfish beds and fisheries." Those are grim tidings indeed, for both the world's oceans and the people who live by them.

By Anastasia Toufexis.

Reported by Andrea Dorfman/New York, Eugene Linden/Boston and Edwin M. Reingold/Seattle



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Art

Glimpses of An Unsexy Tortoise

A new Braque show offers too little of a great thing

Has any great artist been more cavalierly treated by American museums than Georges Braque? Here is one of the great pioneers of modern painting: the man who, with Picasso, invented cubism; who then painted some of the most exquisitely felt and wrought pictures of our century; in whom the classicist, Cartesian strain in French painting came to a peak. Yet the last proper American survey of Braque (1882-1963) was almost 40 years ago. Since then there have been shows, very beautiful ones (how could they not be?), of this or that aspect of Braque. But the whole elephant? Never.

So it was good news that the Guggenheim Museum planned a Braque retrospective for its main summer show in 1988. The bad news, however, is that it is a casualty of museum gridlock. The Guggenheim has neatly timed it to clash with not one but two other Braque exhibitions, in Japan and Norway, so that half the paintings one would most want to see were unobtainable. The New York show samples all the stages of a long career, but it is complete only in a chronological sense. It does contain some of Braque's masterpieces, but it gives you just the scaffolding of the oeuvre, not its full body. Given the ever mounting difficulty of borrowing major paintings and the spiraling expense of insuring them, the complete Braque retrospective may now be beyond our reach.

But if there were one, would the crowds go? In the U.S., Braque is not a sexy painter. Americans prefer their artists to be overreachers in the short run, romantic heroes or doomed saints in the long. Braque was neither. Apart from youthful enthusiasms for boxing and fast cars, his life was completely taken up by his marriage and his art. German shrapnel in his head in World War I must have given him the respect for mortality that few artists get until middle age. Braque was a tortoise, not a hare, and his art had none of Picasso's impetuous virtuosity.

The earliest paintings in this show, like the portrait of his



A seascape of brown-and-blue vectors: *Harbor in Normandy, 1909*

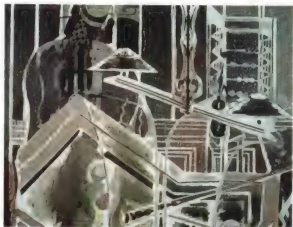
grandmother from 1900-02, are timid, earnest homages to Corot and Boudin. In 1905 he saw what Matisse and Derain had done at Collioure, under Van Gogh's spell, with the hot colors and white light of the Midi. Prodded by his friends Othon Friesz and Raoul Dufy, he began to paint the colder northern light of Antwerp in a fauve style. But in this early work there is a sense of discomfort. Braque did not draw very well, and, as he lacked the graphic fluency of his mentors, his responses to fauvism were awkward and corseted.

The formative early influence on him was the 1907 Cézanne retrospective in Par-

is. Cézanne's slow chewing at the motif, his persistence, his anxiety, his search for a sculptural grandeur in bodies and landscape (faceted on the surface, dense as limestone below) became, for Braque, a moral absolute. Cézanne's greatness lay in his "classical impersonality," opening a way to what Braque called the "total possession of things." A weakness of the Guggenheim show is that it contains none of the paintings from 1908-09 with which, at L'Estaque in the south and the village of La Roche-Guyon outside Paris, Braque dug himself into and then out of Cézanne. Nor does it have the clumsy but crucial

Large Nude of 1908, in which he struggled to make sense of the shock of first seeing Picasso's *Les Femmes d'Alger*. There is, however, the marvelous 1909 *Harbor in Normandy*—a seascape of vectors, in which hulls, spars, water and sky are made of the same brown-and-blue prismatic substance, buckling in shallow space.

Braque's relation to Picasso in the making of cubism after 1910—"roped together like mountaineers," in that famous phrase of Braque's—was of course the legendary partnership of 20th century art. Like most legends, this one is ill understood. Who was the dominant and who the submissive partner? Neither, but Braque's



Foundering like a sinking ship: *The Billiard Table, 1945*



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MISSOURI

Maggie fills in gaps the conventions leave behind.

cubist paintings, and even more his papers collés of 1912-14, show a continuity of inspiration quite unlike the more darting, prehensile mental habits of Picasso.

In Braque's cubism, the subject matter of Chardin—a violin, a table, a pipe, a bottle, a printed *gr*—was born again into the fragmented world of the modern city, its silvery-brown light intact. The speckles in his cubist paintings became a fine-tuned vibrato, unlike the more assertive notes of his partner. This made coherent form melt more readily toward abstraction, which Braque did not want. Rather, as he put it, he wanted to "take the object and raise it high, very high."

To avert this problem he resorted to collage: scraps of newspaper or wallpaper pasted into the picture. This technique, so fundamental to modern art, seems to have been Braque's invention and not Picasso's. He made the first papier collé in 1912, Picasso following a week later. Moreover, Braque had been a house painter's apprentice and thoroughly understood the techniques of wood graining and false-finishing. He could reproduce a "real" fragment of a room, a table, a still life at will, whenever the image needed to be brought back to flatness and density out of the jumble of ambiguous signs.

This sense of the surface and its continuity led to the decorative grandeur of his later still lifes. Braque loved "slow" surfaces, porous and mortared, the paint mixed with sand or sawdust. They had a solid, discreet material presence. They sucked the paint out of the brush and made fluent, wristy drawing impossible. Instead, all is deliberate plotting. You do not look through the paint but at it. Braque's determination to keep everything on the surface is the first thing that strikes you in the great still lifes and interiors of the 1940s and '50s, and it lends them the breadth and declamatory power of traditional fresco. Even when the form is inherently mysterious or logically inexplicable—like the bird that flaps like a silent, benign apparition through the workaday clutter in his *Studio* paintings of 1949-56—you are aware of its density.

The miracle of late Braque lies in this conjuncture of the explicit and the poetic. The green surface of *The Billiard Table*, 1945, folding in the middle, seems to be foundering in the aqueous gray and olive planes of the room like a sinking ship. Perhaps there is a ghost of a clue in the barely visible lettering on the wall, part of a café sign reminding patrons of the law against public drunkenness. But between the elements of the painting there is a continuous jostling, circling and reflection, a sense of the vitality of form in every particular, that puts metaphoric reflection and wordplay back in second place. It is the form, and the subtlety of its myriad relationships in spaces you feel you can touch, that counts. And there are enough paintings at this level in the Guggenheim's show to convey a sense of Braque's achievement, even though its full scope is not, alas, there.

—By Robert Hughes

Cinema

The Prince of Prepuberty Grows Up

BIG TOP PEE-WEE Directed by Randal Kleiser

Screenplay by Paul Reubens and George McGrath

Children are born anarchists. Babies reign in the solitary kingdom of ego, unable to distinguish the "I wanna" of whim from the "I gotta" of need. In an age of instant gratification and infant attention span, the popular arts have played to this childish impulse. Heavy-metal rock beats out its primal demands like a child pulling a high-chair tantrum. TV is the baby-sitter of a spoiled kid's dreams: it promises everything, never says no and lets you change the channel if you don't get what you want.

same. Young MacPee-wee has a farm that is a sort of summer camp—high camp—for animals. In the barn, the sheep and cow sleep in beds. For breakfast the horse flaps pancakes, and Pee-wee's talking-pig pal devours them. At the hint of a hurricane, Pee-wee leads his brood into the storm cellar ("Women and chickens first!") and dresses them in party hats. Because there are no other humans on the farm and few children nearby, Pee-wee is his own role model, his only playmate.



Love in a kid kingdom: our hero Herman and his sweet, prissy fiancée Miller

The spectacle is both corny and hip, retrograde and avant-garde.

And many movies these days are less adolescent than infantile, spinning fables in which youth is its own reward. The summer hit *Big* teaches that a 13-year-old boy can find love with the proper career woman and succeed in business without really trying. Who'd ever care to be a grownup when childhood is portrayed as so pure, so powerful, so enlighteningly selfish?

In this kid kingdom, Pee-wee Herman is the prince of prepuberty. For almost a decade, Actor-Writer Paul Reubens, 35, has presented himself as Pee-wee, a gawky, geeky child. The spectacle is both corny and hip, retrograde and avant-garde. It turns Pinky Lee, the '50s kids' show host, into a subject for performance art. At first Pee-wee was a coterie favorite of adults, but with his 1985 film *Pee-wee's Big Adventure* and his Saturday-morning TV show, Reubens has gained a huge peanut gallery. Even for those who found the Pee-wee persona grating, there was ingenuity in the movie's pop-art surrealism and the show's pop-up-book snazz of design.

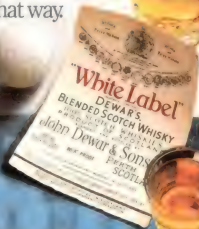
Big Top Pee-wee is more of the smart

and the film is an isolated boy's fantasy of comradeship. It's pretty funny too.

The big news here, and potentially the big problem, is that *Big Top* simultaneously defines Pee-wee as a child and an adult. He has a fiancée, the sweet, prissy Winnie (Penelope Ann Miller). And when a traveling circus parks on his farm, he falls in lust with an aerialist named Gina (Valeria Golino). Pee-wee's first sexy scene kiss, with the voracious-mouthed Gina, will surely raise temperatures—though, as Winnie notes sadly, it was inevitable. "You're a man. She's Italian." But what are we to make of Pee-wee's deflowering, symbolized by shots of fireworks, trains zooming into tunnels, spuming lava and mud wrestling? Is this evidence of puppy-dog passion, or an act of child abuse? Will Pee-wee's old fans be disappointed, and his young fans grossed out? It would be a fine irony if Reubens, who became a star playing to the American cult of childishness, were to get burnt because he wanted to play a little grown up.

—By Richard Corliss

With 125 years experience caddying Turnberry,
Willie, Alex, and Sammy can judge the
course of your game from tee one. That is to say,
"Ye'll no do a thing, if ye've nae got that swing."
The good things in life stay that way.



Video

Do Conventions Turn Off the Public?

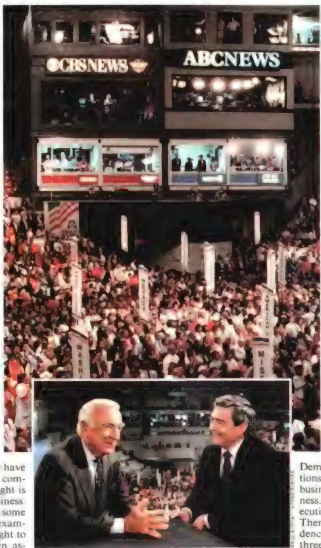
Some TV news executives think so, and Atlanta may mark the end of an era

The heat was thick outside Atlanta's Omni Coliseum, but the nostalgia inside was even thicker. John F. Kennedy Jr. stirred memories of Camelot as he introduced Uncle Ted on Tuesday night. Walter Cronkite and Eric Sevareid, those old TV warriors, were back in the CBS anchor booth. And network reporters, heads cocked into their earphones, mikes at the ready, were trolling the floor for stories as if it all still meant something.

No one, least of all the network commentators, could ignore the fact that the 1988 Democratic National Convention was a made-for-TV event. Virtually everything was geared for the TV coverage, from the size of the hall (too small for all the participants to get inside, but just right for the TV cameras) to the careful management of the schedule to ensure that key events took place in prime time. That left network journalists in a quandary. Back in the days when political conventions actually used to conduct business, debate issues and select candidates, saturation coverage had value—if only, as network executives liked to point out, as a quadrennial civics lesson. Now that they have become four-night campaign commercials, the lesson being taught is not so much civics as show business.

The result is that last week some network news chiefs were re-examining whether such events ought to be subjected to the full-blown assault that TV has traditionally given them. Even before the Democratic Convention was over, ABC News President Rooney Arledge suggested that Democrats and Republicans, perhaps in concert with the networks, ought to change the present setup and "come up with something more appealing." Observed Arledge: "The political parties are turning off the American public."

This year the networks had already significantly scaled back their convention forces. ABC, NBC and CBS each sent between 325 and 450 staffers to Atlanta, an



From their perch overlooking the Omni floor, Cronkite and Rather have a much anticipated rapprochement

overall reduction of about one-third from the manpower deployed in 1984. Those pared-down troops still produced about the same amount of airtime as four years ago (coverage both years began at 9 EDT on most nights), indicating that the excess personnel had been mostly fat. "Production shortcuts have made our lives a little more difficult," acknowledged NBC Executive Producer Joe Angotti, "but in terms of what the viewer sees at home, the

cuts make no difference whatsoever."

The networks this year had to face another fact of TV life that is becoming increasingly apparent: they are no longer the only game in town. The gavel-to-gavel duties have largely been taken over by Ted Turner's Cable News Network and C-SPAN, the cable public-affairs channel. Operating on its home turf, CNN had a force of some 300 at the convention, up from 275 in '84, and proved to be a fully muscled competitor to the Big Three. Meanwhile, the convention floor was teeming with local-station crews searching for the hometown angle and conveying a bit of the bustle to the folks back in Sioux Falls or Sacramento. Many of them did so with the help of independent services like Conus Communications and Potomac Communications, which provided work space, technical facilities and satellite time at a typical cost of between \$4,000 and \$8,000 for the week. "Seldom," said CBS Anchorman Dan Rather, "have so many with so much covered so little."

For the networks, the trick was to avoid being seen as passive conduits for the Democrats' well-oiled public relations show. "We're in the news business, not the propaganda business," said Lane Venardos, CBS executive producer for special events. There were small shows of independence throughout the week. All three broadcast networks cut away from Monday's opening-night festivities before the elaborate finale, a rendition of *America the Beautiful* by Trumpeter-Vocalist Phil Driscoll. A biographical film prepared for Jimmy Carter's appearance was ignored by all three, and CBS opted not to show the music-video profile that preceded Jesse Jackson's speech. "It was a straight-out political film," said Rather. "If they want this kind of stuff on TV, they should buy time." NBC took perhaps the most radical approach, cutting away from the convention activity at several points for "mini-

debates" on major issues like drugs and crime. The aim, in the words of NBC's overheated publicity material, was to "take down the walls of the political conventions and open them up to the American people through television." The ploy, however, proved to be more distracting than illuminating.

Even Jackson's rousing speech Tuesday night seemed to play better on TV than in the hall. The cameras heightened its impact by showing Jackson's face in evocative close-up and by cutting frequently to tear-stained delegates in the audience. Many home viewers were probably taken aback when ABC Correspondent Brit Hume, sizing up the more general reaction on the convention floor, noted that the speech "didn't get the kind of deeply emotional response that he's accustomed to."

Next to the Dukakis-Jackson rapprochement, the most closely watched reconciliation at the convention was that between CBS's Rather and Cronkite. Relations between the two, according to published accounts, have been tense ever since Rather replaced Cronkite as CBS *Evening News* anchorman in 1981. Rather re-



Satellite dishes bring the bustle to the folks back home

portedly resisted giving Cronkite a major role at the 1984 conventions, and Cronkite has criticized Rather for such transgressions as his much publicized *Evening News* walk-off last September. Overcompensating as usual, Rather treated Cronkite with an excess of deference ("We love having you and love being with you") and a minimum of editing. Cronkite's windy comments proved once again that ex-anchors never die, they just become bad commentators (see also: NBC's John Chan-

cellor and ABC's David Brinkley).

Elsewhere in the network skybooths, NBC's Tom Brokaw offered the largest load of convention tidbits (former Georgia Governor Lester Maddox offered to pay \$1,000 a minute for a chance to speak) and the most comfortably authoritative manner. Brinkley, meanwhile, seemed an increasingly lurid companion for Anchor Peter Jennings. Musing on the significance of the Jackson phenomenon, Brinkley posed this startling question to Commentators Hoddin Carter and George Will: "Is it all over for white males?"

All three networks also have the ratings to worry about. The Nielsen's showed a substantial

drop in convention viewership compared with 1984—down by 17% on Monday night, 14% on Wednesday. For most of the week, well under 50% of the viewing audience was tuned in. That more than anything else may be what has network executives questioning whether saturation convention coverage, like floor fights and multiple ballots, is a relic of the past.

—By Richard Zoglin
Reported by Naushad S. Mehta and William Tynan/Atlanta

Dynamo on the Floor

The ideal candidate for the job would stand about 6 ft. 8 in., for easy spotting above the crowds, with the bulk of a linebacker and lungs like a foghorn. Throw in bottomless stamina, seamless charm and flawless news judgment, and the portrait of the perfect producer begins to emerge. CBS News's Susan Zirinsky may not have those physical characteristics (she stands 5 ft. 1½ in. in her sneakers), but she's got the rest down cold. In fact, when Film Director James Brooks needed a model for Holly Hunter's role in *Broadcast News*, he chose the 36-year-old dynamo. Last week Zirinsky was—where else?—in the heat of the action down on the Democratic Convention floor plotting stories, gathering information and arranging interviews with Correspondent Ed Bradley. A night in the real life of a floor producer:

8:30 p.m. In Dressing Room 5 of the Omni Coliseum, Zirinsky and Bradley don their battle gear: battery packs around their waists, headsets and microphones. They have spent the evening prowling the floor stalking stories. Bradley agreed to cover the convention only on condition that Zirinsky be his producer. "She's got a good nose for news," he says, "and she's fun to be with."

8:45 p.m. Back on the floor, Bradley is swamped by autograph seekers, but Zirinsky runs interference. "It's like traveling with the Dalai Lama," she jokes. She spots Senator Gary Hart and asks Floor Producer Andrew Heyward, high above the convention floor in the CBS spotters' booth, if he wants a quick interview. He is not interested.

9:03 p.m. Zirinsky bobs through the

crowd searching out camera angles. The pair have prepared a 55-second summary of the day's platform fights. While Bradley is on live, Zirinsky stands guard, holding delegates at bay and deflecting a woman who nearly walks into the shot.

10:02 p.m. Heyward has changed his mind about Hart, perhaps because the Senator is being interviewed by ABC. Bradley and Zirinsky are not happy; they could have got to Hart first. Now they rush over, divert Hart from an imminent interview with a Spanish station and bag him for Bradley.

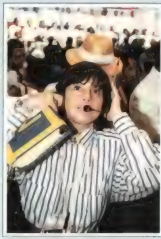
10:50 p.m. Before Jesse Jackson's speech, Bradley is scheduled for a short item on the candidate, but there are no CBS minicams in sight. Zirinsky spots a distant stationary camera and frantically waves her notebook marked by a bright yellow Z. The cameraman sees her and dips the camera up and down in recognition. Bradley

airs his spot.

10:57 p.m. Jackson appears, and the hall goes wild. Bradley and Zirinsky are determined to collar the candidate right after his speech and conclude that he will probably exit from the right. They stake out their position near the podium. Then Heyward orders them to move to the left side. "Tell them no," snaps Bradley.

"Amazing, isn't it?" says the producer, as she listens to Jackson's speech. "You can feel it right here," and she thumps her chest. It turns out that their instincts are correct: Jackson moves to exit on the right. As he passes, Bradley gets in the first question. Both Bradley and Zirinsky are jubilant. "After you get off the floor," says Zirinsky, "it's hours before you can come down." Holly Hunter couldn't have said it better.

—By Nancy R. Gibbs
Reported by Naushad S. Mehta/Atlanta



Zirinsky in the heat of the action

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Music



In *1000 Airplanes on the Roof*, holographic projections replace conventional sets to give the ordeal of M. (Rocco Sisto) its cinematic impact

The Opera As Science Fiction

Philip Glass turns to psychodrama, part Freud, part Kafka

Is there a busier contemporary composer than Philip Glass? The prolific minimalist seems to be everywhere these days, churning out operas, film scores and instrumental music with the tireless industry of an 18th-century Kapellmeister. Unlike Haydn, though, Glass has no Prince Esterhazy to keep him in livery, only his appetite for work. In May his *The Fall of the House of Usher*, based on Poe's grisly tale, opened in Cambridge, Mass. Seven weeks later, the Houston Grand Opera premiered his operatic setting of Doris Lessing's novel *The Making of the Representative for Planet 8*. Now, and most spectacularly, comes *1000 Airplanes on the Roof* in Vienna. The production will tour 39 U.S. and Canadian cities beginning in the fall.

Glass has always been an enthusiastic collaborator, working with Theater Artist Robert Wilson in *Einstein on the Beach*, fellow Composer Robert Moran in *The Juniper Tree* and Choreographer Twyla Tharp in *In the Upper Room*. But *1000 Airplanes* may be his most daring ensemble effort yet, involving Chinese-American Playwright David Henry Hwang and Scenic Designer Jerome Sirlin. The trio has produced a science-fiction music drama that is part Freud, part Kafka and part Steven Spielberg.

A 90-minute work for a speaking actor and small ensemble of synthesizers, amplified winds and wordless soprano voice, *1000 Airplanes* resurrects the hoary genre of the melodrama. As a musical term, melodrama refers to a composition in which one or more actors recite to musical accompaniment. Schubert's world-weary *Abschied von der Erde* and Ralph

Vaughan Williams' radiant *An Oxford Elogy* are examples.

1000 Airplanes is the story of M. (Rocco Sisto), a timid Manhattanite who, while walking his date home one night, finds himself transported to an alien ship, where spacemen subject him to various medical experiments, then release him with a warning to forget everything. M.'s struggle to remember, and to tell the world, is at the heart of the piece.

As it is in his current Broadway hit *M. Butterfly*, Hwang's theme is otherness. M.'s experiences—in fact, his name itself—evoke images of Kafka. Like Joseph K. in *The Trial* and K. in *The Castle*, M. is a victim of circumstance. Forces beyond his control are propelling him toward a destiny he cannot understand.

"Perception is the fifth dimension," he cries in this delirious monologue, and that is just about the only dimension left to him. On Designer Sirlin's trompe l'oeil stage, the first three dimensions dissolve, shift and disappear: on the spaceship, the fourth, time, is relative and thus meaningless. By the end, a half-crazed M. (the work's title comes from M.'s description of the pounding sounds in his head) has forgotten most of his ordeal, but is left to fear that the nightmare will begin again.

The task of realizing M.'s altered states fell to Sirlin, whose credits include, in addition to opera, Madonna's 1987 "Who's That Girl" tour. The Viennese venue was striking: a section of Hangar

No. 3 at Schwechat International Airport. "We looked at a couple of beer halls, but we needed a bigger space," says Sirlin. "Then someone said there was plenty of space at the airport."

To turn the hangar into a giant theatrical "black box," Sirlin invented a brilliant three-dimensional dreamscape that uses holographic projections in place of sets to alter the show's physical and mental terrain. Nine projectors throw a kaleidoscope of images onto a small raked stage and side panels, creating a cinematic illusion in which the actor can dash up the steps of an apartment building and vanish inside or float high above New York. The shift is instantaneous—like putting a live actor into a movie. Operatic design may never again be the same.

Glass's music adds the final layer to this psychodrama, and he responds with one of his most daring scores. From the arresting opening chords that symbolize the lurking spacemen—an alien harmonic system that makes sense to them but not us—to the striking stretch of C-major that underpins poor M.'s longings for a girlfriend, this primal scream of angst surges and soars on an electric current of inspiration.

"I'm trying to invent a way for English to be used as a viable music-theater language," says the composer. "*Usher* was all sung. *The Representative* used a mixture of speech and song, and *1000 Airplanes* is spoken. But I'm still finding my way." As directed by Glass, the piece emerges as a strong statement in which the whole is, for once, equal to the sum of its formidable parts. And for those who care about contemporary music theater, that is good news.

—By Michael Walsh



Composer Philip Glass



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Press

Breaking the Code of Confidentiality

Two newspapers are found guilty of revealing a source

Dan Cohen had spent enough time around reporters to know that few deals are considered more inviolable than the one between a journalist and a confidential source. So six days before Minnesota's 1982 gubernatorial election, Cohen, a Republican Party activist and public relations director of one of the city's most prominent advertising agencies, alerted four local political reporters to a juicy story: Marlene Johnson, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor, had been convicted of shoplifting \$6 worth of sewing supplies from Sears twelve years earlier. The reporters were free to use the information, Cohen said, so long as they did not identify him as the source. All four agreed.

But when Bill Salisbury of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press & Dispatch* and Lori Sturdevant of the Minneapolis *Star Tribune* returned to their newsrooms, their editors overruled the promises of confidentiality. Cohen's close ties to Republican Candidate Wheelock Whitney, the editors argued, made his identity a matter of importance to readers. Both papers reported the incident, naming Cohen as the source of the leak. MARLENE JOHNSON ARRESTED DISCLOSED BY WHITNEY ALLY, declared the front-page headline in the *Star Tribune*. Columnist Jim Klobuchar, a friend of Democratic gubernatorial Candidate Rudy Perpich, then derided Cohen as a "sleazy" player. Car-



A deal is a deal: Plaintiff Dan Cohen outside the courthouse

toonist Steve Sack drew Cohen trick-or-treating at Perpich headquarters dressed as a trash can labeled "Last minute campaign smears."

Perpich and Johnson won the election, but Cohen was so tainted by scandal that he lost his job. Outraged, he sued the newspapers for breach of contract and misrepresentation. Last week a Minneapolis jury ruled in his favor, awarding him a total of \$700,000 in damages.

The newspapers will probably appeal the verdict, citing the First Amendment. But even if overturned, the verdict will heat up a simmering debate over whether a reporter's promise of anonymity is abso-

lute. "My responsibility is to readers," argues David Hall, editor then of the *Pioneer Press & Dispatch* and now of the Bergen (N.J.) *Record*, in defense of his decision. But critics point out that Hall could have kept the bargain with Cohen by simply attributing the information to a "Whitney supporter." "This is a very simple case," says Hennepin County Chief Public Defender William Kennedy, a Democrat. "A promise is a promise."

Both papers claim that editors, not reporters, are the only ones who can promise anonymity. While a little-known *Pioneer Press & Dispatch* policy stipulated this in 1982, the *Star Tribune* had no set rule; the paper has since issued a "clarification," giving editors final authority. But, Sturdevant testified, "I did not understand that I needed prior permission to make the promise."

Many reporters and editors at the papers had seen the Cohen case as an aberration. But even before the verdict was read, the *Star Tribune* faced the threat of a new breach-of-contract suit. Free-Lance Writer Martha Thomas sold an article to the paper's Sunday magazine telling the inside story of a rape trial. Thomas interviewed the defense lawyer on condition that her name not appear. But *Star Tribune* editors insisted that, because the trial was open to the public, it was fair to name names. Late last week the newspaper pulled all 625,000 copies of its Sunday magazine rather than risk litigation. Considering Cohen's victory, that seemed a prudent move.

—By Lawrence Zuckerman

Reported by Clare Mead Rosen/Minneapolis

Milestones

MARRIED. Michael J. Fox, 27, fresh-faced star of television (*Family Ties*) and movies (*Back to the Future*; *Bright Lights, Big City*); and Tracy Pollan, 27, the actress who played Fox's first TV girlfriend; in Arlington, Va. Both for the first time.

SENTENCED. Carlos Lehder Rivas, 38, Colombian cocaine *czar* extradited to Florida in 1987; to a life in prison without parole for his conviction last May on charges of running a criminal enterprise and smuggling 3.3 tons of cocaine into the U.S.; in Jacksonville.

REINSTATED. Bertrand Berube, 54, senior General Services Administration official fired in 1983 after railing against fire hazards and the use of asbestos in federal office buildings; by the Merit Systems Protection Board; in Washington. Berube, who was once responsible for 530 Government properties, including the White

House and the Pentagon, is the highest-ranking federal official to win back pay and legal fees after being sacked for whistle-blowing. He stands to receive at least \$500,000.

RETIRED. W. Glenn Campbell, 64, director since 1960 of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, Stanford University's conservative think tank and seedbed of Reaganism; in Stanford, Calif. Last May, after the university's board of trustees decided to oust the combative Campbell when he reached 65, he said he would sue. The dispute exemplified the acrimonious relations existing between the right-leaning research center and the predominantly liberal Stanford faculty. Campbell said he will leave his post next summer.

RECOVERING. Bill Clements, 71, rough-barked Republican Governor of Texas,

from a minor stroke; in Austin. "That Democratic Convention may have made this happen," he grouched jokingly from his hospital bed.

DIED. Carter Vanderbilt Cooper, 23, elder son of Socialite-Designer Gloria Vanderbilt and her late fourth husband, Writer Wyatt Cooper; in New York City. Recently treated for depression, Cooper, in the presence of his mother, leaped from her penthouse terrace.

DIED. John Galbreath, 90, multimillionaire real estate developer, co-owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates from 1946 to 1985 and master turfman; in Galloway, Ohio. Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm produced two Kentucky Derby winners, Chateaugay in 1963 and Proud Clarion in 1967. In real estate, one Galbreath specialty was rehabilitating old company towns, starting with McDonald, Ohio, in 1941.



View from cockpit: the pilot of a simulated T-45 Goshawk makes approach to deck of computer-generated aircraft carrier

Technology

Into the Wild Blue (Digital) Yonder

The new simulators re-create reality—and fantasy—with gut-wrenching accuracy

The McDonnell Douglas MD-80 turboprop jet had just lifted off from New York's LaGuardia Airport and was streaking toward the Manhattan skyline when its left engine burst into flames. Pilot Bob Harry kept his cool. Banking sharply, he cut a swath over the city, put the Statue of Liberty behind his right wing and headed back to LaGuardia. In a matter of minutes, he had lined up his plane over an empty runway, pulled out the flaps and felt the familiar jolt of a successful touchdown.

But this was one emergency landing that was not greeted with relieved applause from the passengers. No rescue crews or fire engines scrambled on the tarmac. No fire engines rushed to the runway. In fact, there was no fire, no passengers and no plane. The MD-80 that Harry "flew" was really a van-size contraption perched on six spindly legs, one of 20 advanced flight simulators at American Airlines' Fort Worth training facility. Operating 20 hours a day, seven days a week, the earth-bound machines prepare thousands

of would-be pilots every year for one-engine landings, sudden wind shears and impenetrable fog. The experience is judged to be so realistic that when most trainees finally get to fly a real MD-80, the airplane is on a scheduled flight carrying paying passengers.

The art of simulation has come a long way in the 60 years since Edwin Link, the

father of the technology, first used or bellows and a suspended box to approximate the motion of an airplane in flight. The box has evolved into an instrument-crammed capsule equipped with color video and stereo sound. The bellows has been replaced by electronically controlled hydraulic actuators. And the illusion of motion has become so powerful that it is indistinguishable from the real thing. Moreover, with a few minor changes, the same technology has been used to simulate everything from spaceships to submarines, from armored tanks to oil tankers, re-creating every possible combination of bad luck, weather and faulty equipment. Says William James, American Airlines' director of flight training: "The only thing we can't simulate."

Now the same experience is becoming available to the general public. Following the lead of Disney's Epcot Center, which used four full-scale flight simulators in 1987 to create its wildly popular Star Tours ride, the big amusement parks are adapting state-of-the-art technology to do with ex-



Peering through the sight of a mock M-1 battle tank

puters what used to be done with Ferris wheels and roller coasters. Says David Fink, director of research and development for Disney's Imagineering division: "It's the wave of the future for theme parks."

All simulators, whether designed for work or for play, rely on a bag of electronic magic tricks to fool body and mind into believing they are somewhere they are not. At the heart of the illusion are two basic technologies, one sensed through the eyes, the other felt in the belly.

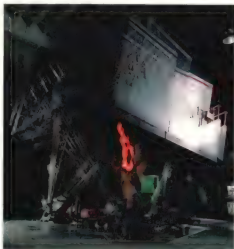
No earthbound machine can fully duplicate the dives or turns of a plane in flight. But it turns out that a person does not need to be flying through space to feel as if he were. The human body responds not so much to motion as to acceleration, what the experts call "onset cues." By rapidly extending or retracting its hydraulic legs, a simulator can effectively create

burden, future simulators will use a trick borrowed from the eye itself. Rather than create the entire 360° horizon, they will concentrate their imaging resources on the narrow cone where the pilot is looking at a given moment. Link's new ESPRIT (eye-slaved projected raster inset) system uses an infrared scanner mounted in the pilot's helmet to track his eye movements. Then it projects a detailed, high-resolution picture in the pilot's direct line of sight and a fuzzier, less detailed peripheral image.

The most advanced simulators use tactile cues to take the illusion one step further. In Honeywell's F-18 fighter simulator, the strap-in harness pulls back on the trainee's chest when the jet slows down. Similar controls regulate the pilot's G suit, rushing air into pockets in the legs and abdomen to mimic the circulatory effects that accompany supersonic flight.

Disneyland's Star Tours, poses no such hazards. As many as 27,000 people a day wait between 45 minutes and two hours for a chance to take a 4½-minute imaginary excursion to the Moon of Endor. They are rewarded with a nonstop thrill ride in which a mock spaceship climbs, banks and even reaches the speed of light—all with white-knuckle realism. "This is easily the most popular ride," says Bob Roth, manager of publicity for the park. "On a roller coaster, you have the lingering feeling that the car can go off the tracks. Star Tours gives you all the thrills without the insecurity."

Earlier this year, Los Angeles-based Showscan opened a 36-seat space-flight simulator at Futuroscope, a high-tech theme park in Poitiers, France. Universal Studios Tour in Universal City, Calif., is working on a time-travel simulation, based on the movie *Back to the Future*.



An American Airlines trainer making its moves



Nonstop thrills: chasing Imperial fighters in Disneyland's popular Star Tours ride

the sensation of a sudden pitch or yaw.

Meanwhile, a different kind of magic is playing in front of the trainee's eyes, as the horizon dips and turns in sync with the false motion of the capsule. Two decades ago, flight simulators used movie projectors to give pilots a sense of visual reality. Later they used 2,000-to-1-scale model boards and tiny mobile cameras.

Now it is all done with computers. By making mathematical transformations on a digital landscape, today's simulators can display on a screen exactly what a pilot would see through a windshield. In military models, much of the information comes from the Defense Mapping Agency's library of the world's hills, valleys, rivers and towns. The processing power required to sort out that mass of data is staggering. Says Ronald Hendricks, technical director at Singer's Link Flight Simulation Division, a descendant of Edwin Link's original company: "When you look out the window, you see 18 billion bits of information. To make that scene unfold in real time, you have to compute a new image 60 times a second."

To cut down on that computational

Even the cockpit seat contributes to the illusion: the cushion contains seven air bladders that are pressurized or depressurized according to the flight maneuver.

The combined effect can be gut wrenching. In the catapult launch of a Honeywell T-45 Goshawk trainer from the deck of an aircraft carrier, for example, the body is crushed against the back of the seat and the wind roars in the ears. "You forget the whole thing's bolted to the concrete floor," says David Figgins, a program manager at Honeywell. "I've seen top guns climb out wringing wet. I've seen seasoned pilots throw up."

Link's AH-64 Apache helicopter simulator, perhaps the world's most sophisticated, combines mock flight with battle effects so realistic that a visitor needs security clearance to ride it. When a trainee is struck by enemy fire, he actually feels the hit. Indeed, the simulation can be dangerously realistic. "We had to turn this one down," says Ray McCabe, flight-simulation supervisor at the Army's Fort Bragg. "We had a lot of guys lose teeth or have their nose broken from the impact."

The world's most popular simulator,

that is scheduled to open next summer. By 1990 Texas-based Six Flags plans to install a Dynamic Motion Theater at its Great Adventure theme park in New Jersey. It will feature a series of changing attractions that may include airplane dog-fights and car chases. Meanwhile, the folks at Disney are putting the finishing touches on an anatomical extravaganza called Body Wars that will take visitors on a microscopic race against time through the human immune system.

None of this comes without a price. Star Tours took six years to make and cost \$32 million. Link's Apaches, at \$20 million apiece, cost at least \$5 million more than the helicopters themselves. Even so, simulators are a bargain compared with the expense of training on the real thing, not to mention the expense in equipment and human lives when a real-world training mission goes awry. "One of the greatest things about simulators," says Honeywell's Figgins, "is that after the worst possible accident, everybody goes off and has a drink."

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt
Reported by Elaine Dutka/Los Angeles and Linda Williams/Binghamton

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Books

Reimagining Death in Dallas

LIBRA by Don DeLillo; Viking; 458 pages; \$19.95

Two facts are fairly indisputable, although someone, somewhere will provide arguments to the contrary. On Nov. 22, 1963, President John F. Kennedy was shot and fatally wounded while riding in a motorcade around Dealey Plaza in Dallas. Almost exactly 48 hours later, Lee Harvey Oswald, the accused assassin, was gunned down in front of live television cameras while being transferred from one

the tide of speculation that widens with the years." Unfortunately, this argument wants things both ways: a book can hardly be "only itself, apart and complete" and at the same time offer "a way of thinking" about historical figures and events. When DeLillo opens his novel with the young Oswald riding a subway, it is not as though he were creating a character from scratch; he obviously assumes that readers already have some idea who Oswald was and what he would become.

Libra is, in fact, another conspiracy theory, although considerably more literate and entertaining than most. Imagine a small cadre within the CIA angered over the Kennedy Administration's bungling of the Bay of Pigs invasion and worried that J.F.K. is making some secret accommodation with Castro. One spook hatches an idea: "We need an electrifying event." Public outrage will be fueled by an attempt on the President's life, one that can be convincingly traced to Cuba. There is an added wrinkle: "But we don't hit Kennedy. We miss him."

Needless to say, things grow far, far more complicated than this, and DeLillo develops his intricate plot with cinematic bravura. There are flashes back and forward in time, and jump cuts between the conspirators and Oswald, who is growing up to become exactly the kind of person the CIA renegades had planned to invent: a malcontent and misfit with a known fondness for Castro and guns. Slowly, dimly, Oswald begins to realize that people have designs on his destiny. Someone who knows what is cooking spells it out for him: "You're a quirk of history. You're a coincidence. They devise a plan, you fit it perfectly." The lecturer concludes, "There's a pattern in things."

Oddly enough, nearly everyone in the novel talks this way, as if the U.S. during the early 1960s were crawling with metaphysicians. "There's more to it, there's something we don't know about," muses a Cuban exile and hit man. "There's something they aren't telling us," says David Ferrie, a real person, now dead, familiar to conspiracy buffs. "Something we don't know about. There's more to it. There's always more to it." A CIA operative ponders, "We lead more interesting lives than we think. We are characters in plots. Without the compression and numinous sheen." Even Oswald waxes philosophical: "He thought the only end to isolation was to reach the point where he was no longer separated from the true struggles that went on around him. The name we give this point is history."

At such moments, all these people



DeLillo: making up a story about a myth

A career nourished by disillusionment.

jail to another. He died shortly thereafter.

Everything else associated with these murders has long been up for grabs; understanding has been swamped by a torrent of details and speculation. The Kennedy assassination now seems to float in some peculiar, highly charged ether between fact and fiction, where logic distills into dreams. To write a novel about the deaths in Dallas seems redundant, the making up of a story about a myth.

Yet that, in *Libra*, is precisely what Don DeLillo has done. In a note at the end, he admits that some may find a novel on this subject "one more gloom in a chronicle of unknowing." But, he continues, "because this book makes no claim to literal truth, because it is only itself, apart and complete, readers may find refuge here—a way of thinking about the assassination without being constrained by half-facts or overwhelmed by possibilities, by

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Books

sound suspiciously like DeLillo. 51, whose career has been nourished by the public disillusionment and skepticism that began to spread after the nightmare of 1963. His eight previous novels, beginning with *Americana* (1971), hover devotedly over repeated themes: events are never what they seem; there may be no such thing as randomness; secrets and mysteries control our lives.

Given these preoccupations, it was probably inevitable ("There's a pattern in things") that DeLillo would get around to the assassination, that nexus of paranoia. But it is difficult to see exactly what *Libra* adds to this event, aside from some temporary diversion. Its argument, that the plot to kill the President was even wider and more sinister than previously imagined, will seem credible chiefly to the already converted, among whom are surely people who also believe that Martians are sending them messages through the fillings in their teeth. There is a simpler possibility that *Libra* inventively skirts a frustrated, angry man looked out a window, watched the President ride by and shot him dead.

—By Paul Gray

Diesel Gypsies

DANGER—HEAVY GOODS

by Robert Hutchison
Morrow; 288 pages; \$19.95

Cat Weasel. Slippery Mick. Flying Pharaoh & Co. are the sobriquets of truck drivers who make the overland shuttle from England to Saudi Arabia, carrying heavy machinery to and cheap petroleum fro. Several years ago, British Journalist Robert Hutchison enlisted in the small army of these diesel gypsies, sharing their home cooking and their raunchy exploits. Aside from engine trouble and the occasional stray bullet, his lively memoir records few acknowledgments of the 20th century. Ancient hostilities persist, and bribery remains endemic. Still, customs inspectors prefer modern bakshesh. At one checkpoint, the presentation of a girly magazine "got us all waved out of the compound without further hassle."

To combat lethal roads, official harassment and wandering bandits, drivers adopt aggressive attitudes, complete with tattoos, earrings and vile vocabularies. They cannot quite disguise the soft hearts beneath their flamboyant T shirts. When an East German family gets stranded on the road in Yugoslavia, it is hauled back home gratis. As the journey concludes, a trucker wistfully remarks, "I was born in the wrong century. I should have sailed with Sir Francis Drake." Perhaps he should have, with Hutchison along to take notes. The world would then know a lot more today about what went on in the 1500s at the borders, across the seas and belowdecks.

—By Stefan Kanfer

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Elvis Presley

Law



Dramatic analysis: Actor Ronald Arden, right, reviews an attorney's videotaped presentation

They're Playing Up to the Jury

Lawyers are turning to actors to polish their court performances

In the case of *People v. Goldilocks*, San Francisco Attorney Cherie Harpell had to use ten words or less to convince a jury that a young defendant should be sent to the slammer for breaking into the house of the Three Bears. "Juvenile delinquent caught," she began forcefully. "Rampaged family home," she continued, looking gravely into the eyes of a juror. Then she demanded: "Must pay." The performance was part of an exercise in how to communicate and persuade at a recent workshop run by Applied Theater Techniques, a Los Angeles-based group that teaches acting skills to attorneys.

From *The Merchant of Venice* to *L.A. Law*, courtroom scenes have been a staple of drama. Increasingly, trial attorneys like Harpell are consulting actors and drama coaches to bring more theater into the real-life courthouse. In acting seminars across the nation, lawyers are paying \$150 or more an hour to learn how to improve their performances before judges and juries. Says Actress Katherine James of Applied Theater Techniques: "Ten years ago, lawyers asked what we could possibly have to teach them. Now they call us up and cry, 'Help!'"

One reason for the drama boom is that a rising number of cases reaching the courts involve complicated business disputes. The result is juror boredom. "Jurors come into the courtroom expecting Perry Mason," says San Diego-based Actor-Director Ronald Arden, who has been coaching lawyers for a decade. "But most of the time they're getting Mickey Mouse." The emphasis on unemotional analysis inculcated in law school can actually work against the attorney who is trying to convince ordinary human be-

ings. "As a whole, we don't use our bodies or voices well," admits Attorney Jerry Coughlan of the National Institute for Trial Advocacy.

Actors and drama coaches employ a variety of techniques to help attorneys polish their acts. The point is not to have the barristers chewing the scenery but to help them get their points across. "If a lawyer overplays and comes across as an actor," notes Coughlan, "then credibility is lost." Some instructors have students practice with real material. Lawyers may, for instance, replay cases that have already gone through the courts, using actors and actresses in the parts of judge, jury and witnesses. Some hire actor-jurors to help them try out strategies for upcoming cases.

Body language, emotional control and the use of mental imagery are stressed in these drama classes. Attorney Donald Cayea, for example, who took a course at New York City's Corporate Communication Skills, Inc., learned not to argue with a hostile judge. Instead, if the bench repeatedly sustains his opponent's objections, Cayea now looks pleadingly at the jury and shakes his head in a gesture of grief. After taking Applied Theater Techniques' course, a female attorney in California overcame her irritation at a judge who insisted on calling her "little lady" by imagining the male chauvinist in a pink tutu and ballet slippers.

In Washington, Theater Director Gillian Drake, who four years ago founded Acting for Lawyers, loosens up buttoned-down barristers by having them mime such natural events as falling rain and falling leaves. Says Drake: "Lawyers are taught by their training to doubt. I teach them that what they have to do—and this is what actors do—is abandon doubt and jump right in." The practice seems to work. Washington Attorney Robert Trout, who has taken a couple of Drake's classes, says they have helped him "find the human story in whatever is the subject matter of the lawsuit."

While the attorneys may be acting more like thespians, real actors are beginning to spice up courtroom drama. U.S. Judge John Grady, chief of the federal district courts in Chicago, recently allowed actors to read depositions taken from absent witnesses in a securities case. Such depositions, usually read in a deadly drone by court reporters or law-firm secretaries, often contain important evidence but can put juries to sleep. One of the attorneys objected that an actor was hamming it up, but Judge Grady pronounced himself delighted by the lively break from what is typically the "dullest part of a trial."

—By J.D. Reed, Reported by Nancy Seufert/Los Angeles, with other bureaus

Court Critique

Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall can be "sullen and at times overbearing," though he listens "objectively." His benchmate John Paul Stevens is a "maverick." Byron White writes in a manner that is "hard to understand." But far more irritating is the behavior of Reagan Appointee Antonin Scalia, who "asks far too many questions [and] takes over the case from the counsel." Even Sandra Day O'Connor, herself a dogged questioner, has become "exasperated" by Scalia.

Says who? Why the Justices' very own colleague Harry Blackmun. It was not the first time the outspoken Nixon appointee chose to ignore custom by critiquing the court. While Blackmun, 79, had some favorable remarks at a judicial conference in St. Louis, he outdid himself with sharp words about individual Justices. What especially seems to upset Blackmun, however, is the tendency of President Reagan's appointees to vote as a conservative bloc. "All the appointees of the present Administration are voting one way," he complained. "When I started, we tried to just be good judges."



Justice Blackmun



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Design

Fast Life Along the Skywalks

By going indoors, city dwellers escape the city

Back in the 1960s, when spick-and-span, won't-the-future-be-fab urban schemes were still regarded with automatic enthusiasm by almost everyone, and when suburban malls were suddenly sucking shoppers away from central cities, the idea seemed perfect: build enclosed bridges—skywalks!—between the upper stories of downtown office buildings, stores and hotels. And nobody will ever have to go outdoors at all. Fortunately, most such future-a-go-go notions of the era—moving sidewalks or 300-story apartment towers—never came to much.

Skywalks, however, have proliferated. During the past 25 years, the downtowns of more than a score of cities in the U.S. and Canada have become climate-controlled labyrinths. Calgary has 42 bridges running 6 miles that link 110 buildings. The American skywalks (also called skyways, skybridges, or, in the unfortunate case of Charlotte, N.C., the Overstreet Mall) are concentrated in the upper Midwest, where winters make strolling problematic. Two separate systems in Minneapolis and St. Paul consist of 73 bridges running 6½ miles between 65 city blocks; Des Moines's 32 bridges connect 21 downtown blocks. Most of Detroit's 20 "tubes" have been built since 1983.

In northern cities like Calgary, where the average winter temperature is 26.2° F, the original, climate-mitigating rationale for skywalks was not unreasonable. What's wrong with being able to wander unbundled from office to store to parking garage in the middle of north-country January? "To be out of the weather," says Pat Huntington, general manager of the Saks Fifth Avenue store that is plugged into Cincinnati's 23-odd skywalk system, "is a tremendous feeling of security."

But very early on in the skywalk boom, weather was superseded by boosterism economics: elevated bridges came to be seen as prods for real estate development, quick fixes for tapped-out downtowns. Here and there they seemed to do the trick. The growth of the publicly



owned Des Moines Skywalk System, which began in 1982, has indeed coincided with an economic revival of the city's downtown. Skywalks are not cheap: construction can run as much as \$3,000 per linear foot. But developers can charge 5% to 10% rent premiums to tenants in towers plugged into the systems.

The bridges need not be ugly, but with very few exceptions (Detroit's, for instance) they are. At their best, skywalks are bland modernist modules. At their worst, they are like the one that smashes headlong into Minneapolis' quirky turn-of-the-century Egyptian Building, nearly obliterating a carved bas-relief frieze. But

aesthetics is not the biggest problem. Skywalks are, in most places most of the time, pseudo-sensible amenities. They are artifacts of an earlier, 1964 World's Fair era, when convenience—insulation from nature and from the urban hurly-burly—was the great American goal, neurotically pursued. Skywalks pull pedestrians off the streets year round, rain or shine, hot or cold. Inside their hermetic world, urban dwellers are deprived of much of the richness of the city. "Cities are places where people are drawn together to experience one another," says Elliot Willensky, vice chairman of New York City's landmarks preservation



ARTIST: W. J. HUNTER



ARTIST: W. J. HUNTER



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A selection of skywalks, clockwise from top left: a handsome tube from Detroit's City-County Building; three of the 14 skybridges in Spokane; one of Portman's pedestrian bridges feeding into Atlanta's Peachtree Center; a skywalk in Cincinnati's vast system

skywalks, there is none of the traditional city's invigorating mix of commerce and leisure, businesspeople and loiterers. "The street is the way of democracy," says Richard Maschal, architecture critic for the *Charlotte Observer*. "The Overstreet Mall system creates a biracial society." Sam Bass Warner Jr., a Boston University urban historian, sees skywalks as a symbol of urban abandonment, not reinvigoration. They are, he says, "a sign that we've given up on the street. They treat the street as essentially an automobile place. That is going to make for a very poor downtown."

The skyways in St. Paul are perhaps the best in the U.S.: the design is standardized and inoffensive, the system is publicly owned and easily accessible to people in wheelchairs. Nonetheless, skyways have come to dominate downtown St. Paul's cityscape and retail life entirely. About 90% of the shops are on the second story, and on the streets below there are long stretches of shopless, blank walls. Calgary has gone out of its way to retain street life (roving musicians are encouraged), yet even there, says James McKellar, a former Calgary planning commissioner, the skywalk system "kills and sterilizes ground-level activity." For a city to lure pedestrians off the streets, whatever the reason, may be suicidal in the long run. "The retail shop on the street is the key to a multi-use downtown," explains Jaquelin Robertson, former New York City planning commis-

sioner. "It is the life and character of the city. No one goes to Europe," he adds, "to walk along skywalks." Indeed, the profound urban lessons Americans have recently learned, in part, from Europe—the importance of preserving old buildings, the singular pleasures of the piazza—are at odds with the skywalk epidemic.

Enthusiasm for skywalks has not been ubiquitous. In the 1970s, when corporate headquarters and shoppers were abandoning its downtown, Hartford came very close to erecting a skywalk system as a way, its boosters hoped, to revitalize the city's downtown. Local opposition, on both fiscal and philosophical grounds, prevented all but a few skywalks from being built. Meanwhile, downtown Hartford has undergone a renaissance on its own. A 1982 Seattle ordinance prohibits any skybridge that blocks a vista or reduces street traffic—in effect, all skywalks.

Despite the generally balmy weather in Atlanta, Architect-Developer John Portman loves nothing more than connecting his bombastic towers and atriums with skywalks: one running through Peachtree Center is 640 ft. long. "People moved to the suburbs because they want low anxiety," Portman says. "We must bring them back to the center city. The pedestrian bridge is a part of that." Now, however, Atlanta zoning officials are considering a recommendation by the 300-member Central Area Study group to prohibit further skywalk construction downtown. As the novelty value of skywalks palls and as more cities realize that downtown vitality is a function of far more than ultraconvenient shopping, urbanites can only hope the fad will continue to fade.

—By Kurt Andersen, Reported by Marc Hequet/St. Paul, with other bureaus

commission. "Skywalks rob us of that."

In some fundamental ways skywalks are more perniciously anti-urban than the shopping malls they are intended to compete against. Good malls, like city streets, encourage lingering, serendipity; skywalks, however, are pedestrian free-ways, streets distilled to the strictly utilitarian function of providing transit from Point X to Point Y, no detours allowed. In

People

Until last week **Florence Griffith Joyner**, 28, was sort of an underachiever in her family. True, she had won Olympic silver in 1984, but Husband **Al Joyner**, 28, had won the gold in the triple jump, and Sister-in-Law **Jackie Joyner-Kersey**, 26, is the undisputed world champion of the women's heptathlon. At one point, Griffith Joyner, or Flo-Jo as she is called, had given up athletics for a bank job in California. But she was hooked on speed. Last week at the U.S. Olympic track-and-field trials, Flo-Jo, with coaching from Brother-in-Law **Bob Kersee**, shattered the 10.76-sec. record for the 100-meter dash set in 1984 by **Evelyn Ashford**. Griffith Joyner broke it four times—at 10.70, 10.61, 10.60 and an incredible 10.49. Perhaps she got help from her long-distance nails and many unorthodox track suits, brightly hued and often one-legged. Said Flo-Jo: "I'll have a new



Making the team: Griffith Joyner

outfit for the 200 meters." Colorfast, of course.

At 59, **Audrey Hepburn** is a living archetype of style. Those who try to make themselves in her image are either too rich, like **Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis**, or too thin, like **Iman**. Hepburn is a photographer's dream. **Richard Avedon**, who considers Hepburn his most beautiful subject, first photographed the Belgian-born actress in December 1953, when she arrived



Brushing back the years: Audrey Hepburn, here by Richard Avedon, remains a photographer's dream

in the U.S. He has captured her again for the latest installment of Revlon's "Most Unforgettable Women in the World" campaign. "If seeing is believing," says he, "believe me. This photograph is nothing compared to the real thing." Says the original: "I knew I'd be in good hands."

New York City was once called New Amsterdam. That may explain why New York City's outspoken mayor **Edward Koch**, who was a guest in the original Amsterdam last week, felt right at home blasting conditions in the Dutch city.

When Koch discovered that it is legal for Amsterdam cafes to sell marijuana and hashish, he was livid. "That would not take place in New York," said the mayor of one of the most drug-infested cities in the world. If it did, he "would immediately call the undercover people and bust the shop." The policy, he added, was the "wrong message" in the war against illegal drugs. Amsterdam's mayor **Edward van Thijn** politely argued that he was soft on pot in order to be tough on coke and heroin. The outburst has especially embarrassed Van Thijn, who is footing Hizzoner's expenses. Next time Koch may just have to go Dutch.

They knew the blow would come soon, and last week they bowed to the inevitable. Ever since Sisters **Barbara Ferraro** and **Patricia Hussey** in 1984 signed a newspaper ad declaring that abortions are sometimes morally defensible, the Vatican has been pressuring the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur to dismiss them. In June, when the order rejected the Vatican's request, Ferraro

and Hussey said that "you can be publicly prochoice and still be a nun." But aware that Rome could still effect their ouster, they resigned. The two will continue to work at the Charleston, W. Va., shelter for the homeless, where they have labored since 1981. "We did not want to give power to Rome over our lives," said Ferraro. "But we're still faithful Catholics."



Surf's up: Brian Wilson takes to the beach again

Surf's up? Forget it. Instead, turn up the volume on the first solo album by a trimmed-down, souped-up **Brian Wilson**, 46, once the troubled wunderkind of the Beach Boys. With his drug and alcohol problems, Wilson used to look more beach buoy than boy. Five years ago, he sought help from **Eugene Landy**, the Sven-gali-like psychologist who is executive producer on *Brian Wilson* and about whom the other Beach Boys have mixed feelings. But Wilson credits Landy with "saving my life" by getting him to lose 120 lbs. and give up his addictions. "He really helped me expand my horizons," says Wilson. Most of the album's eleven cuts deliver the healthy oooh-oooh psychedelia that made the Beach Boys irresistible in the '60s—but with a little introspection added to the mix. Good vibes for the summer of '88.

—By Howard G. Chua-Eoan

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